

THE COMMONWEAL

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THE LAY COMMUNITY

BECAUSE of the remarkable success of the national broadcast of the Catholic Hour, which must be considered the outstanding achievement of Catholic action in the United States during the last year, the annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Men, which organization planned and conducts the broadcast, will meet this year (Kansas City, October 19-21 inclusive) under highly favorable auspices. There can be no reasonable doubt of the substantial and permanent value of the Catholic Hour, quite apart from the effect which its success—and some of the lessons which, it seems to us, are pointed out by the character of that success—may have upon the fortunes of the organization responsible for it. Even such unfavorable criticisms as we have heard are in our opinion indirect tributes to the value of the broadcast, being to the general effect that the broadcast was “over the heads” of the people; that it was too limited in its appeal; in a word, too “highbrow,” which really means that the success of the broadcast was solidly based upon the high quality of its program. Those responsible for that program adopted the sound principle of respecting the audience to which they meant to appeal.

For many reasons, which in no way reflect upon the capacity of those who have been responsible for directing the fortunes of the National Council of Catholic Men, it is common knowledge that this particular department of the great organization set up by our bishops for the promotion of Catholic action has not achieved up to now a degree of success commensurate with its ideals and its opportunities. So high are those ideals, indeed, and so almost overwhelming are the possibilities of adequately organized and properly directed lay action, that it is hardly to be wondered at that neither ideals nor opportunities have so far been fully expressed in action. This is not to say that the National Council of Catholic Men has not accomplished many and exceedingly worthwhile things. Perhaps the best, in the sense of being the most Catholic, of all their actions, is to open the way toward that greater and more comprehensive field of work which is now beginning to be perceived. Up to this time, despite the best efforts of its officers and the comparatively few local councils who realized the national character of the movement, little general interest has been created; and without such general interest, the very best and most practical plans cannot be carried out.

That lay Catholics in general have been and still are existing in a condition of sluggish apathy in regard to what might be called the social aspects and responsibilities of their religion, is a condition which is too apparent to all well-informed observers to need much dwelling upon. Nevertheless, it has to be mentioned as the major reason for the slow growth and small effect so far gained by the National Council of Catholic Men. This apathy and indifference have to a large extent been penetrated at last by the success of the Catholic Hour. Thousands of thoughtful men and women have been brought together in a community of interest, and of pride in their Church, and of willingness to coöperate in spreading the benefits of their faith. This interest must not be allowed to remain undirected. It should not be used simply to support the radio hour, important as that feature of Catholic action undoubtedly is. It must be brought to bear upon the entire program of lay Catholic action, particularly as this program has been shaped by the leaders and workers who have behind them the proper authority and ultimate direction of those without whose support no sort of Catholic action can succeed—the bishops.

The fact that the main function of the National Council of Catholic Men, as of all other departments of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, is to bring about coördinated, coöperative action among all Catholic lay groups, and that in no way does it seek to take the place or to interfere with any properly recognized and adequately functioning society or movement, should be an imperative invitation to all these units of the Catholic body to participate in the convention at Kansas City. Perhaps not since the organization of the Catholic War Council, and its subsequent reorganization after the catastrophe of the world war, has this annual gathering met at so critical a time.

Without permitting ourselves to become needlessly pessimistic, it is, nevertheless, true to say that the economic, political, social and religious problems marking the closing months of this year are graver than they have been at any time since the war. They are pressing for solution with an urgency made painful by the widespread distress of so many millions of good people, who, without much, if any, fault of their own, are bearing the brunt of the present crisis. The disruptive or destructive influence of many false, sometimes highly pernicious, philosophies is being brought to bear upon these disturbed and frightened souls. Without laboring these points, which surely are obvious at least to those whom we address in these pages it would logically follow that the responsibility of Catholics to bring the protective and recreative energies of their religion, and of the philosophy that flows from their religious principles, to bear upon the solution of these problems, cannot be ignored. And we know of no more effective centre for the rallying of these reconstructive energies of Catholic action than the national organization which acts under the direction of the leaders of our faith.

With a consciousness of its high opportunity that indicates it is fully awake to the situation, the National Council of Catholic Men has formed within its organization a group of permanent national committees which will present the result of their studies to the delegates assembled at Kansas City, together with practical recommendations for various types of Catholic action. These reports and recommendations will be presented for open discussion. The future program of national Catholic action will be based upon the results of these discussions. Those in charge of the convention have issued an urgent appeal to the delegates who are to be present to come well prepared to take an effective part in this vital portion of the convention's work. It is to be hoped that many delegates representing the more important and effective types of Catholic organizations will take the fullest advantage of this opportunity to make effective the program to be discussed at Kansas City.

WEEK BY WEEK

GERMANY'S new Reichstag is funny only in certain minor ways. Hitherto Fascist and Communist gentlemen have shouted so vociferously in the august hall that the government had to do most of its business in committee meetings. Now that Herr Hitler has garnered 107 seats and the Communists 76, pandemonium should reign indefinitely. A new parliamentary government can be formed only with extreme difficulty; and the task, with which the Centre Party is burdened, must end either with an embarrassing gesture to the Left, or an equally embarrassing gesture to the Right. But if the situation in which the Germans find themselves politically is not easy, the results are probably a faithful picture of the point of view of the electorate. Nobody in the Reich actually believes that the existing settlement is a settlement. The difference lies rather in the estimate of ways and means of effecting a change. Realistically minded people see the trouble but believe that grinning and bearing it is the best recipe. The disaffected are for a new social order pure and simple. But inevitably a great mass of harassed people prefer to listen to one who can draw a complete picture of their woes and whose system of escape is lurid and simple. Herr Hitler's system is both. Germans say their country has never known a more picturesque demagogue. To us he seems like an ardent and pseudo-philosophic representative of the Klan—a Teutonic one-hundred-percenter, preaching death to the Jews and big business, out to supply the country with a big army, Versailles or no Versailles.

THE extent to which these new developments constitute a threat to the German parliamentary form of government, or to the peace of Europe at large, cannot be determined. Possibly the continent is, after all,

ineradically monarchical, though the notion of hereditary succession may have passed forever. But one cannot quite believe that the dictator substitutes are destined to remain permanently, so theatrical and curious are most of them. Underneath the general trend our old acquaintance nationalism is doubtless moving and mumbling. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, European internationalism is not widely acceptable on the present basis. During more than ten years nothing has been settled except that the French have won and that there has been a considerable redistribution of territory in the southeastern realm. And where there is dissatisfaction there is also danger. Though statesmen representing the various powers have talked amiably as well as benignantly at Geneva and elsewhere, solid masses of doers-or-diers are forming behind all of them, menacing each other and the world as a whole. It would seem to be the appropriate moment for an American remark to the effect that reckless disturbers will find us permanently bored and determinedly resentful.

SIGNS of hard times are discernible in the returns from diverse primaries. The most notable scenes were Wisconsin and Massachusetts. In the first-named Badger state, old strata of opinion appeared, cleansed of the moss which somehow grows there during presidential years. The La Follette dynasty rode to victory as "young Phil," denouncing the political ideas of the national administration, beat out Governor Walter J. Koehler for the Republican nomination. Simultaneously Wisconsin voted against virtually all the congressional dries, producing there-with a complete house-cleaning act almost without a parallel even in this progressive domain. In Massachusetts the Republican battle took moisture for its chief bone of contention and ended with the triumph of former Senator William Butler over two wet opponents. It is argued, however, that he owes success to the fact that there were two of them. Elsewhere echoes of the same contention stirred voters and influenced results. Obviously political talk now envisages the spectre of hard times, but finds its most dramatic topic in the wet-dry antagonism. There promises to be a hot time in many an old town during coming months. The nation is once more ready for a debate the outcome of which has not been arranged in advance.

AS HAD been expected, the fate of Europe's United States rested with Great Britain. Regardless of Briand logic and oratory, the element of method and the habit of caution were ultimately stressed as matters of fundamental importance. The outcome was a resolution, signed by forty-nine countries, advocating the establishment of a committee to inquire further into the art of federating European

states within the League. This document seems to have for its chief purpose suppressing all action outside the scope of the League. It would seem, therefore, that if anything is to come of the plan ultimately it must mean a closer identification of Geneva with European interests and powers. Of course it would have been greatly to the advantage of Briand at home if he could have obtained some immediate and novel success. In the long run, however, the present idea may prove more realistic. The decision taken was embedded in a collection of oratorical bouquets. In behalf of Germany, Herr Curtius spoke in favor of international friendship and the policies of Stresemann. M. Briand declared that the spirit of this same Stresemann was guiding and encouraging him. Not to be outdone, Mr. Henderson paid a warm personal tribute to the French statesman—in its way as touching a eulogy as any yet heard in Switzerland. But even so all the farther anybody got was to sign another resolution.

THE resignation of Mr. Charles Tuttle, United States District Attorney for New York, was accompanied by a statement repudiating national prohibition. Under the circumstances this document may be suspected of political tendencies, but it probably does contain Mr. Tuttle's honest personal opinions. These are of real interest. He favors repealing the Eighteenth Amendment and replacing it with another stipulating that the saloon shall be outlawed everywhere in the United States and that the national government be given full power "to coöperate with and assist states which have prohibition either in whole or in part." The first suggestion is rather novel; the second incorporates the now famous ideas which Messrs. Smith and Morrow have recommended to the public. We confess to believing that the first is mistaken and the second rather vague. There are excellent reasons why a new amendment to the constitution on this topic ought to refrain from outlawing anything. Suppose that some states desired taverns dispensing light wines and beers similar to those operated in connection with hotels in Canada. Mr. Tuttle's amendment would prevent their establishment, and the speakeasy would remain. On the other hand we believe that the separate states should never again be given a free hand in determining what they wish to do about liquor, beyond specifying whether they want it to be sold or not. State boundaries are, for the most part, purely nominal geographical lines today; and the old-fashioned spectre of a fast and furious liquor trade perched on the edge of a state line must not be resurrected again. We favor an amendment giving the federal government full power to regulate but not forbid the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in consonance with the reasonable demands of the several states and of the country as a whole. If government liquor dispensaries

are established, they should remain under national scrutiny to a far greater extent than meat packing or railroad rates.

WE ARE in general accord with a vigorous protest against a certain unjust and unhealthy canalizing of the Negro's artistic efforts, which appears in the Nation. But in pointing out that there is altogether too great a tendency to restrict the colored creator to the racial and what is called "the primitive," the author, Mr. G. A. Steward, possibly misconstrues other facts. He is unquestionably right in saying that books from white pens, like *Nigger Heaven*, and *Black April*, set a standard of atmosphere and approach which Negro writers are encouraged and expected to follow. The picture of "the petty rascality and sexual promiscuity of southern plantations, mills and camps; the intrigues and erotic exploits of panders and perverts of modern urban life; the knife and gun encounters of gin-crazed, crap-shooting nomads," is now a stock picture in the literary gallery, and the colored novelist or sketch-writer who wishes to supplant or even supplement it must work outside the tradition, and against the wishes of his paymaster. Similarly, in the plastic and pictorial fields, the prime point of attraction is too often either a subject illustrative of the American Negro's laziness or debauchery, or that savage ugliness which is modeled upon the crude relics of his African past.

YET, admitting that the Negro artist works under the handicap of a tradition that will barely concede him universality or moral depth and seriousness, barely permit him to deal with the sort of beauty that is linked with refinement of feeling, it is not easy to follow Mr. Steward's further contention: that the Negro thinker and leader of opinion is restricted in a corresponding and positive way. He demands why American magazines do not carry discussions by Negroes of our general national problems—"say, the tariff, farm relief, prohibition, power control, communism, civil liberty, unemployment." His answer is that Negro writers have come to understand that any manuscript from them must deal only with topics about them if it is to receive an editorial welcome. This we venture to question. The public for ideas is more liberal and disinterested than the public for entertainment. This alone would keep such a barrier from operating among purveyors of ideas. What seems to be the real truth is that Negro writers deal with Negro topics because they are more interested in such topics than in any others. No problem on the list noted above can possibly affect the colored thinker like the problem of his own race. Its economic hazards and triumphs, its social battle, with its accompanying losses or gains, its educational needs and possibilities, naturally and pre-eminently engross him. A people but seventy years removed from chattel slavery, struggling actively and

often desperately with these realities in the midst of a largely hostile society, has little spare mental energy left to volunteer solutions for troubles that vex the wider life of that society at large.

ONE of the sanest social counselors of our time is the distinguished physician, Logan Clendening. Dr. Clendening's balance is apparently in-born. He tells us in the current Forum, "Common Sense from Clendening" that his conservatism—we should call it his healthy common sense—on the subject of sex is unsupported by any religious tenet; he is a freethinker, and the philosophy which makes him advocate reticence, chastity and "a rigid code of conduct in sexual matters" is purely pragmatic. In his view, the overwhelming experience of the race stands behind it. We wish, of course, that his position were completer, that it were as intelligible morally as it is sound biologically, if it were only because his influence now is bound to be restricted, as a purely individual conviction is always restricted. But even so, it is surely in order for us all to congratulate ourselves on the presence in our midst of this phenomenon of benevolent tough-mindedness. After forty years or so of freethinking in an atmosphere flavored to suffocation by the doctrines of eugenics, Freudism and the higher promiscuity, it is magnificent to hear Dr. Clendening, his powers of derision evidently quite unimpaired, directing hearty and unmistakable hoots at those "uncontrolled thinkers . . . supposed to be men of science," whose habit it is, upon having a thought, "instantly to proclaim it as true"; those "sexual philosophers" who are "constitutionally incapable of getting the simplest fact about sex in true proportion." "And," he adds, "if there is any question about whom I mean . . . I mean Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Russell, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Dr. Ivan Hamilton, Dr. Maria Stopes and Dr. William J. Robinson."

THE increase of the use of many details of Catholic devotion, mainly ritualistic, among Protestant denominations, in particular the Episcopalians, is a familiar phenomenon; but what is not so well known, yet even more worthy of notice, is a well-defined tendency on the part of certain Christian bodies of both the "evangelical" and the "liberal" types to adopt, or, rather, to adapt traditional Catholic modes of religious expression belonging to the more mystical aspects of faith. In a recent number of the *Christian Century*, an "undenominational journal of religion," whose vigorously written and capably edited pages are predominantly devoted to the discussion of the problems of the "active" Christian life, as viewed by devotees of social service, social reform and political action (in the broad sense of this last term), we find an interesting plea for "a Protestant rosary." Its writer, Mr. Dilworth Lupton, recognizing that the activities of the Martha type of

Christianity tend to immerse its followers "in the appallingly vital thing we call civilization," to such a degree that individual spiritual life and progress must inevitably suffer, seeks for a solution in some form of the life of Mary, the contemplative type. "Whatever may be our distaste of many elements in the Catholic Church," Mr. Lupton writes, "we must admit that Catholics are, for the most part, profounder psychologists than we Protestants. Centuries ago, the Catholic Church adopted a device known as the rosary. The chief purpose of the rosary is the counting of prayers and meditations, but in addition it overcomes the two difficulties of which I have spoken—it enables the devotee to concentrate his mind and it serves also to bring to his memory certain definite ideas around which he may cluster his thoughts."

WE ARE evidently far from that old-fashioned Protestant view of the rosary as a merely "mechanical" substitute for prayer. As to the merits of Mr. Lupton's proposed rosary, the use of "seven keywords which hold within them some of the greatest ideals of our race: self, others, God, health, truth, beauty, goodness," we will not express an opinion, other than the remark that Catholics will continue to find these ideals well expressed in their own rosary, linked to ideals that transcend even those of the human race. But we can sympathize with those who are at last discovering the need for the cultivation of spiritual life, and trust that they will increasingly avail themselves of what our faith contains for all. In the same spirit, we were glad to supply to an official of one of the leading Protestant church councils information requested by him as to the leagues of prayer within the Catholic Church, to be used in connection with the development of intercessory prayer within his own communion. No matter how urgent the need may be today of active, exterior works of Christianity, the need for that power of prayer without which exterior works wither or lack right direction is even greater.

ALL of us are familiar with the multitudinous forms of the query, What does American education need?

Culture
in 1930

We on this magazine do not profess to know the answer, though we have our share of tentative ideas on the subject. However, we are fairly sure of two or three things that American education does not need, and high on the honor roll of these we would eagerly place the new "course in personality" planned for this fall by one of New York's largest seats of higher learning. On the negative or "analytical" side, according to the advance publicity, this course will evidently carry on the good work of that part of our national advertising which is devoted to the instilling of phobias. The motion-picture camera is to be used in listing all the ascertainable personal and social defects of every pupil. Recommendations for overcoming them (ranging, one supposes, from

psychiatric clinics to listerine) will next be in order. And then the positive work will start: the rearing on this foundation of the triumphant synthetic structure of "personality." Is it breathing exercises, we wonder, or tone placements or color rhythms which release the supermanliness of supermen and make them masters of affairs? Whatever it is, it can be had this fall at \$22.00 a semester. This is what will be taught plastic and open-minded young people under the name and authority of university education.

CRUSADING AGAINST MOSCOW

IN A sense the borderland which separates Bolshevik Russia from other countries has narrowed down as if through some curious process of erosion. The attitude now prevailing in important circles is astonishingly different from the point of view generally sponsored by public opinion ten years ago. One ventures to suggest that the source of the change is this: having grown steadily more conscious of "international economic solidarity"—the manifest if utterly mysterious fact that currents of life-giving trade can seep through even the stoutest national barriers—we also realize that Russia's isolation is of the most momentous importance. Here is a vast country and great population which urgently needs to change its vast resources in raw materials for manufactured products. If it got no farther along the route of development than it had come under the czars, it would offer a potential market of incredible dimensions; and granted the new orientation which has been one result of the war, opportunities ought to be still more favorable. Business and financial leaders are, therefore, more and more certain that Russia simply must be brought back into normal commerce with other countries.

Unfortunately Moscow is the seat of a revolutionary movement which, if taken seriously, threatens to undermine the world's social and economic structure. One way out of our quandary would accordingly be not to take it seriously. Industry can believe, if it tries a little, that (1) Sovietism is not so bad as it has been painted, and that some of its more cultural activities (for instance, the war upon religion) can be explained on grounds of political expediency; that (2) it is at all events the theory of a stable government, which has now rooted itself so deeply that waiting for something else to take its place is futile; and that (3) the point which matters to a nation like the United States—which is proof against Communism—is, after all, simply the query, how can horse sense be applied to our business relations with the U.S.S.R.? Now obviously all three attitudes are plausible, and the economic stake is large. Yet short-sighted indifference to the more spiritual aspects of a given situation is dangerous even from a political and commercial point of view. The French, who banked their money on the czar's ability to fight the Germans to a finish, were not merely mistaken. They also lost their money.

Notice, for instance, how entirely different the outlook becomes if one adopts the point of view which dominated the International Congress of the Catholic Press, recently convened in Brussels. Here were gathered publicists of many countries for whom the Holy Father's plea of February 2 was no idle matter. Among the addresses to which they listened was one by Father Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., summarizing a great deal of the evidence upon which the papal statement had been based. His argument ran something like this: Sovietism is an international movement, the essential purposes and methods of which were summarized in the program adopted at the Sixth Congress of the Communist International (Moscow, 1928). This read in part as follows:

"The Communists consider it unnecessary to disguise their views and purposes. They openly declare that their aims can be accomplished only through an overthrow by force of the whole existing social order. . . . The gain of government power by the proletariat is by no means a peaceful 'conquest' of the existing bourgeois government through parliamentary majorities. . . . The hold of the bourgeoisie can be broken only by ruthless violence. . . . The conquest of power by the proletariat consists in an actual annihilation of the existing capitalistic state machine—the army, the police, the bureaucracy, the courts, parliaments, etc.—and putting in their place new organs of proletarian powers, intended in the first place to serve as tools to suppress the exploiters."

The sacredness of this stand has been emphasized since by all individuals and groups competent to speak for Moscow. If words mean anything, the Bolsheviks have gone on record as earnest students of Karl Marx and Georges Sorel who intend to make the world safe for Communism. This cannot be done, however, as long as religion, "the opium of the people," continues to be influential. Father Walsh declares: "Communism, which is the controlling political philosophy of the present Soviet government, demands the abolition of all religious belief and practice in every territory wherein it obtains the mastery. It requires complete liquidation of the 'God-idea' whether expressed by Christianity, Judaism, Mohammedanism or, in short, by any form of belief which admits the existence of a Supreme Being. The Soviet constitution, abolishing nationality and the modern concept of the state, provides for the extension of its political jurisdiction over all lands and peoples. And as it is not permissible to separate the religious from the political and economic content of Communism, which must be accepted as an indivisible system, consequently the anti-religious program, considered as a prime tenet of Communism, has been executed consistently within Russia since the revolution as a prelude to its imposition on the entire non-Communist world."

One concludes, therefore, that Bolshevik Communism is what it professes to be—a revolutionary movement which seeks to wrest control from the ruling

classes by appealing to the proletariat, not because this last has essentially anything to gain but simply because it has nothing to lose; which hopes to organize the proletariat into an army behind which the new form of government will be safe and settled; and which, realizing the psychological value of quasi-religious fervor, instils its own creed by persuasion where possible and by force where necessary. As such it is dangerous not primarily because of its negative aspects (expropriation of property, wholesale executions and so forth) but because of its constructive purposes—the generation of revolutionary current and the application of nihilistic theory. This is the point of view adopted by the Catholic journalists of Brussels and it is likewise our own.

Can this Catholic attitude be in any way reconciled with the industrial considerations now widely advanced and tending, if one is not mistaken, to effect recognition of the Soviet government by the United States? It would be futile to expect that the Catholic position, expounded only half-heartedly at best, should be politically efficacious. Times, moreover, have changed. The older American ideals, among which freedom and respect for Christianity were prominent, have largely retired from the foreground in favor of "sane economic engineering." Modern sociologists, baffled by the needs and aspirations of masses of peoples nurtured by the industrial order, are whole-hog believers in expediency. And it would be expedient to do business with Russia if—if the three beliefs outlined earlier in these remarks are sound. But in case they are not sound? We come back again to the Catholic analysis of the Bolshevik method and system. This is based upon purely religious values and interests. The issue at stake is the apostolate of Christendom; and the offense at which criticism is directed is the suppression of freedom of conscience. Nevertheless if it is a correct analysis, recognition of the Moscow government by the United States would be a disaster.

For, after all, sound reconstruction of a world order in which life will be decently possible for great populations does depend upon other things besides money and resources. It is the way people think and the trend of people's desires which must ultimately determine the future. And surely there is enough evidence to convince even the stubborn that thought and desire, as manipulated by the Russian Communist intelligentsia, bear calamitous fruit. It is not merely the institution; it is also the life of the family and the individual which succumbs. Now recognizing the Soviet system virtually means financial underwriting of the Soviet system. It means pumping into the stiff corpus of a repressive dictatorship the economic lifeblood which may guarantee its vitality indefinitely. These things are too important to be ignored for the sake of a monetary advantage of, perhaps, the most temporary character. A Catholic journalist can only say as much again and again, in the interests of his country and of mankind.

THE TRADITION OF ROME

By SELDEN P. DELANY

ONE of the most disturbing impressions I have ever received was when, in June of the year 1926, I stood for the first time before the great basilica of Saint Peter's in Rome and read the inscription at the base of the dome: "Tu es Petrus; et super hanc petram aedificabo ecclesiam meam." At that moment something happened in my inner consciousness which shook the foundations of my life. The experience was repeated when, a little later, I knelt before the tomb of Saint Peter.

It is hard to see how anyone, after a careful study of the Gospels, can doubt that Our Lord gave to Saint Peter a primacy among the apostles, and a jurisdiction over the whole Church. It is equally difficult for anyone with a knowledge of history to doubt that the bishops of Rome since the beginning have professed to be the heirs of Saint Peter's powers and prerogatives in the apostolic college. The important question with which I must now deal is whether there is a historical link connecting Saint Peter with the Roman bishopric. Were the powers conferred by Christ upon Saint Peter merely personal powers which were to be exercised only during his lifetime? If so, they have no significance for the Church today. The Roman Church would in any case have exercised a powerful influence on Christianity, because of its location in the imperial city, the size and character of its membership, and the fact that it had profited by Saint Paul's teaching and martyrdom. But its bishop would have had legally no greater powers than the bishops of Antioch and Alexandria, which also could boast of apostolic founders.

This historical link is supplied by the Petrine tradition, which connects Saint Peter so closely with the Roman bishopric that he, either with or without Saint Paul "may be considered to have been its originator, and to have bequeathed to it as its particular legacy the authority which his Master had once entrusted to him" (Shotwell and Loomis, *The See of Peter*, p. 64). We need not be surprised if it is a meagre tradition, for, to continue quoting (p. 63):

One characteristic of primitive Christian literature is that it explains and defines so little, that it confidently looks for a speedy end of the world, heeds only the immediate emergency and addresses itself to persons who understand the situation as the author does, and for whom a hint will suffice.

One of the first and most striking expressions of the claim of the bishop of Rome to jurisdiction over

*Last week Dr. Delany discussed the conclusions to which he arrived after years of service in the Anglo-Catholic ministry. The following article is part of his discussion of the essential problem of papal authority. It deals with the question "whether there is a historical link connecting Saint Peter with the Roman bishopric" and is also a review of the "Roman tradition" which the two foremost apostles, Peter and Paul, established securely in the city of the Caesars. Dr. Delany's articles form part of a volume to be issued soon by the Dial Press as *Why Rome?*—The Editors.*

the whole Church is to be found in Saint Clement's first letter to the Church in Corinth, written in A. D. 96. This is scarcely a generation after Saint Peter was martyred in Rome. Saint Clement stands second after Linus in the early list of Roman bishops, which names Linus as the successor of

the apostles. He is probably the same Clement whom Saint Paul mentions in his letter from Rome to the Philippians. The Christians at Corinth had rebelled against their hierarchy, and had driven out their presbyters. The bishop of Rome writes to them, not merely as one neighbor to another, to express his regret for what they have done. He commands them (Shotwell and Loomis, pp. 238-239) with an arbitrary tone of authority which could hardly be exceeded by any mediaeval Pope, to submit themselves again in obedience to their ecclesiastical superiors:

Our apostles also knew through our Lord Jesus Christ that there would be strife over the title of bishop. For this reason, therefore, inasmuch as they had received perfect foreknowledge, they appointed to office those whom we have mentioned and afterward made provision that when they should fall asleep, other approved men should succeed to their ministry. We, accordingly, believe that it is not right to dismiss from their ministry those who were appointed by them or afterward by other eminent men with the consent of the whole Church, and who have served the flock of Christ without fault, humbly, peaceably and disinterestedly, and received for a long time the good testimony of everyone. For our sin will not be small if we remove from the episcopate those who have blamelessly and holily offered its sacrifices. . . . You, therefore, that laid the foundation of sedition, submit yourselves unto the presbyters and receive correction unto repentance, bending the knees of your hearts. Learn to be submissive and lay aside the proud and boastful stubbornness of your tongues. . . . But if some be disobedient unto the words spoken by Him (God) through us, let them see that they will involve themselves in grave transgression and danger, but we shall be guiltless of their sin. . . . For you will give us joy and gladness if you are obedient to the things which we have written through the Holy Spirit, and root out the wicked passions of your jealousy in compliance with the request we have made in this letter for peace and harmony. And we have sent you faithful and prudent men that have walked among us blamelessly from youth to old age, and they shall be witnesses between you and us.

Surely it is extraordinary that the bishop of Rome should send categorical orders to a church in Greece. The apostle John was still living at Ephesus, and

would have been the natural one to interfere in the affairs of the Corinthian Church. Why was Saint Clement the one to restore order? Obviously, because the bishop of Rome, as successor of Saint Peter, had jurisdiction over the whole Church.

In the early days of the Church the Roman bishop spoke as the guardian of an authoritative tradition, and his position as guardian was second to none. Even when the eastern Churches insisted that their traditions were older, and perhaps even more sacred, this western bishop spoke on, regardless of protest or denunciation. According to Shotwell and Loomis (p. 221) the first authentic incident related of a Roman bishop has to do with a visit paid by the aged Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, to Anicetus, bishop of Rome. Saint Polycarp was at this time ninety years old, and yet he took this long journey to Rome to take up with the Roman bishop the method of fixing the date of Easter. He informed Anicetus that the Roman mode of fixing the date was not that which he himself had learned from the practice of the apostle, Saint John. This, however, does not affect the decision of Anicetus. He honors Polycarp by yielding to him the administration of the Eucharist in the church of Saint John Lateran, but he insists on retaining the method of reckoning Easter which had always prevailed in the Roman Church.

Saint Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, on his journey to Rome to be martyred (116 A.D.), wrote letters to all the leading Churches, including Rome. These letters show that by that time the diocesan bishop was everywhere regarded as the embodiment of divine authority and grace. Without him, no sacrament was valid. Apart from him there could be no Church. To this eastern bishop the Roman Church appears (Shotwell and Loomis, p. 240) "to stand upon a level somewhat above that of the others to which he writes. To no other does he address quite such ardent phrases of praise for its unwavering steadfastness and faith." Incidentally, his letter to the Romans contains early evidence that Saints Peter and Paul administered the Roman Church. He says, "I do not command you, as Peter and Paul did. They were apostles; I am a convict." Thus he assumes it to be well known to his hearers that Saints Peter and Paul had preached in person to the faithful at Rome. This is what Harnack has to say of Saint Ignatius in his *History of Dogma*, Volume IV, p. 486:

However much one may tone down all excessive expressions in his letter to the Romans, this much is clear, that Ignatius has admitted in fact a precedence of the Roman community in the circle of her sisters, and that he knows of an energetic and perpetual activity on the part of this community in supporting and teaching others. . . . Even the elaborate address shows that he honors and greets this community as the most distinguished in Christendom.

I wish I had space to speak of Hegesippus of Syria (160-175) who tells how, as a security for the

genuineness of the Roman tradition, he compiled a list of the Roman bishops through whom the true faith had been transmitted during the hundred years from the apostles Peter and Paul to Anicetus; of Soter (166-174), who succeeded Anicetus as bishop of Rome, and wrote a pastoral letter to the Corinthians which they treasured equally with that of Saint Clement; and of Bishop Eleutherus (175-188), who succeeded Soter as bishop of Rome and condemned the heresy of the Gnostic Marcion, a wealthy and influential member of the Roman congregation, as well as the new Puritan Montanist heresy that had sprung up in Phrygia.

But I must pass on to the testimony of Saint Irenaeus (130-200), the bishop of Lyons in Gaul. Irenaeus was a Greek who had lived in Smyrna and had been taught by Saint Polycarp, who remembered the apostle, Saint John. In the year 177, while he was still a priest, a report of the Montanist disturbances in Asia had reached the Church at Lyons, and Irenaeus was despatched to Rome to seek guidance and counsel from Bishop Eleutherus. He used the opportunity to gather the material for his book, *Against Heresies*, especially the Gnostic schools of Valentinus and Marcion.

In combating these heresies he drew upon the Church's two authentic sources of knowledge: the four Gospels and the tradition bequeathed by the apostles to their successors. He says, every apostolic Church has its own legacy of tradition handed on as a sacred charge to the bishop, but he will let one Church suffice as an example, namely, "the very great and ancient and illustrious Church founded and organized at Rome by the two glorious apostles, Peter and Paul, and the faith declared to mankind and handed down to our own time through its bishops in their succession" (Shotwell and Loomis, p. 267). This is followed by a very important passage which has been much discussed. Unfortunately we have it only in the Latin translation, as the Greek of Irenaeus's original work has been lost. Catholic and Protestant scholars translate this passage differently, but as the great German scholar, Professor Harnack, translates it in the same way as the Catholic scholars I have adopted his translation (*History of Dogma*, Volume II, p. 157, note 3) which is as follows:

With this Church (in Rome) on account of its pre-eminent authority, every Church must be in agreement, that is, the faithful everywhere, among whom the tradition of the apostles has been continuously preserved.

This affords striking testimony to the universal jurisdiction of the Roman see at the end of the second century. Every Church founded by the apostles had sovereign authority, but that of Rome was pre-eminent; and believers in all parts of the world must agree with this Church if they were to be faithful to the apostolic tradition.

Victor was bishop of Rome from 188 to 198. In him we see the same claim to universal jurisdiction over

the whole Church that had been made by his predecessors, but expressed with greater vigor and authority. According to Shotwell and Loomis (p. 274): "His pontificate marks the passing of the primitive, unostentatious stage in the history of the Roman see, and the opening of a new and infinitely more ambitious era." He detected the Adoptionist heresy lurking in the teaching of Theodotus of Byzantium, and excommunicated him. His most striking act was the excommunication of the whole province of Asia Minor because the bishops of that province persisted in celebrating Easter according to the Jewish reckoning. Irenaeus of Lyons, who himself followed the Roman use in the celebration of Easter, remonstrated with Victor on the ground that he ought not to cut off whole Churches of God for holding to an ancient custom. But the significant fact is that he did not question Victor's authority. He only questioned the wisdom of its being exercised on a mere matter of discipline, with such catastrophic effects. The successors of Victor allowed the contention to drop, although the Roman use was soon adopted by the universal Church.

We next come to Tertullian, the African lawyer, who lived in Carthage from 160-235. His book against the heresies of his day (*De Praescriptione Haereticorum*) throws much light on the position of the Roman Church in his time. To him the argument against heresy drawn from Catholic tradition was even more decisive than the argument from Scripture, for the heretics could interpret Scripture in their own way. There could be no dispute about the meaning of tradition, inasmuch as the transmitter of tradition, who was always the bishop of an apostolic see, possessed *ipso facto* the right to interpret it. According to Tertullian, the chief depositaries of trustworthy tradition were the apostolic Churches, and he dwelt eloquently upon the wealth of such tradition concentrated at Rome.

Come, then, you who would better exercise your wits about the business of your own salvation, recall the various apostolic Churches in which the actual chairs of the apostles are still standing in their places, in which their own authentic letters are read, repeating the voice and calling up the face of each of them severally. Achaia is very near you, where you have Corinth. If you are not far from Macedonia, you have Philippi. If you can travel into Asia, you have Ephesus. But if you are near Italy, you have Rome, whence also our authority is derived close at hand. How happy is that church on which the apostles poured forth all their teaching, together with their blood! Where Peter endured a passion like his Lord's! Where Paul won his crown in a death like John's! Where the apostle John was first plunged unhurt into boiling oil and then banished to an island! See what she has learned, what she has taught, what fellowship she has had with our churches too in Africa! One God does she acknowledge, the Creator of the universe, and Christ Jesus born of the Virgin Mary, Son of God the Creator and the resurrection of the flesh. To the writings of the evangelists and the apostles she adds the law and the prophets and therefrom she imbibes her

faith. This faith she seals with water, arrays with the Holy Ghost, feeds with the Eucharist, strengthens with martyrdom and against this faith and practice she admits no gainsayer.

Later on, when he became a Montanist, Tertullian fell under the censure of the Church and he changed his tone about the authority of the apostolic see. Thereafter he found it convenient to teach that the power of the keys was conferred upon Peter personally, and that the same power belongs to all spiritual men, whether apostles or prophets. Nevertheless, Tertullian's attack on the Petrine claims of the Roman bishop supply further evidence that those claims were widely accepted at the beginning of the third century.

I have always been told that Saint Cyprian, the bishop of Carthage, who was born about the year 200 and martyred in 258, was one of the most vigorous opponents of the Petrine claims of the bishop of Rome. It behooves us therefore to look into his history and ascertain what was his real position. He was bishop during the Decian persecution, and his correspondence with the Church in Rome during that period throws much light on the situation both in Rome and Carthage, especially in regard to the treatment of those who had apostatized under persecution. He took a middle ground between the Puritans who held that there should be no forgiveness for the sin of apostasy, and the easy-going, worldly group, who believed that all the lapsed should be taken back without repentance. Cyprian maintained that each case should be dealt with on its merits, but that all should be placed under penitential discipline, and after they had demonstrated that they were penitent, they were to be received back into the communion of the Church.

In his brilliant treatise *On the Unity of the Catholic Church*, Saint Cyprian lays stress on the authority of the bishops as successors of the apostles, and the necessity of submitting to their authority, if one is to remain in the Church. All bishops share equally in the right to bind and loose, yet the power of the keys was bestowed on Peter alone, and he alone was made the foundation of the Church. One man was chosen for honor at the outset, in order that through him might be symbolized the unity of the episcopate and the Church. Peter, and after him his successors at Rome, stand as corporeal reminders of the unity of the Catholic Church. But neither Peter nor the Roman bishops have any higher powers than the other apostles and bishops. Following is the passage which sets forth Cyprian's views:

Upon one man the Lord builds the Church, and although He grants to all the apostles after His resurrection an equal power, . . . yet, that He might make clear their unity, he established by his authority that unity at the beginning, as if it originated in one man. Assuredly, the rest of the apostles were equal to Peter, endowed with the same partnership in honor and power, but the beginning was made in unity, that the Church of Christ might be manifested to be one.

In an epistle warning against dealings of any kind with Felicissimus and five other priests who had communicated with the lapsed, Cyprian says:

There is one God and one Christ and one Church, and one cathedra, established upon Peter by the word of the Lord. Another altar cannot be erected nor a new priesthood created, beside the one altar and the one priesthood.

The Anglican Church has no greater authority on early Christian literature than Professor Cuthbert H. Turner of Oxford. It is interesting therefore to read his interpretation of the position of Saint Cyprian, which he has given us in his article on Saints Peter and Paul, in *Theology* for October, 1926:

Cyprian has a clear-cut theory, of which the first element is the essential identity of the episcopal and apostolic office, and the second is the essential identity of the position of Peter and of his successors at Rome. What Peter was among the apostles, that his successor was, among Catholic bishops, the symbol and source of unity. What Peter had not among the apostles—that is, any difference in dignity or authority—that the Pope had not in regard to other members of the episcopate. In each case there was, so to say, a college and a head. But the head could not act apart from his colleagues; moreover,

though the bishop of Rome was successor of Saint Peter, and inherited all the prerogative that Peter had in relation to the other apostles, there was of course one thing that he could not inherit. Peter was the original foundation on which Christ built His Church. Cyprian would never have said that Church was founded on Peter and his successors.

After the martyrdom of Fabian, bishop of Rome, the Roman Church for a time put off the election of a new bishop. They preferred to wait until the severity of the Decian persecution had passed. It is an interesting fact that during the vacancy in the Roman episcopate the clergy of Rome continued to exercise a supervision over the affairs of the African Church. Their letters to Cyprian contained many wise suggestions which enabled him to deal firmly with the problem of the lapsed. This proves that at this early date the Church in the city of Rome regarded itself as entrusted with an authority of governance over the whole Church. This authority did not depend simply upon the position of the bishop of Rome as the successor of Saint Peter, but also upon the fact that the glorious apostles Peter and Paul were acknowledged to have been the founders of the Roman tradition.

BUENOS AIRES

By TERENCE O'DONNELL

THE recent precipitate entrance of Buenos Aires into the realm of the newspaper headlines served to remind this wanderer that the revolution may have far different connotations to the average untraveled North American than circumstances warrant. I have therefore turned to my notebook to refresh my memory, and perhaps what I find therein may help the reader to a better understanding of our cousins in Argentina.

It was late July, the year after the armistice, when the SS. Nippon of the Swedish East Asiatic Line sailed up the Rio de la Plata—a river rather muddy than silver, and flowing in immense area between flat and uninteresting shore lines. As we neared the docks the river grew shallow, and the navigation of the heavily-laden ship difficult. However we gradually negotiated the entrance, and we soon berthed in a nest of stevedore barges, idly contemplated by a multitude of barge-men sipping out of gourds their interminable maté. I might add that the docks of Buenos Aires are of the most modern description. They consist of Diques 1, 2, 3 and 4, and those at the Riachuelo and the Boca. Drawbridges connect each dock; and the supplementary railway, warehouses, crane and conveying facilities are efficient and up to date in the extreme. Most of the passenger ships berth in Dique 1, and there were many there at that time, mostly flying the Spanish and Italian ensigns. Farther over lay the pride of the Argentine navy, a converted German cruiser.

Buenos Aires proper lies on a level plain, only a trifle above sea level, and the winter climate there in July was moist but not uncomfortable. It was Sunday, and the docks were become the promenade of the people. In my own case, having been twenty-five days at sea, I began to wonder whether there would be a chance of attending Mass. But berthing had taken toll of time, and it was two o'clock in the afternoon when the lines were fast and gangplank lowered and I set my foot ashore. It was, of course, too late to expect to hear Mass at that hour, I told myself; but I decided to find a church and make such amende honorable as I could. By the time I had followed my instinct and arrived at one, what was my surprise to find Mass in progress! It was a low Mass, and Communion was about finished. Congregational discipline such as we know it here did not obtain; some of the people sat, some knelt, others remained standing in their pews. When it was over, I sauntered about, taking in the delightful aspects of the beautiful city—more cosmopolitan, indeed, than New York. Toward three o'clock I found myself near another church and following the crowd, entered. Rare luck! Another Mass was just beginning, so my Sunday duty was thus satisfactorily accomplished after all.

To explain this seeming dilatoriness, it is only fair to state that as the liturgical day does not end until three of the afternoon, it was quite in order to have Masses until then, however strange it may seem to our

American way. Incidentally in the month of my stay I analyzed the reason for the standees of the congregation. They were invariably men, and arrayed with the rigorous exactitude of apparel required for the Sunday promenade. In fact they stood so during the entire service, canes crooked on arms, because they did not wish their trousers to become uncreased! Noblesse oblige; different places, different manners. The joke became turned on me later.

During the first week I was invited to dinner at the home of my friend Señor C——. There were other young foreigners there; and many, I gathered from their names, should be Catholics. There was an immense porterhouse exhaling its broiled aroma from the great platter in the centre of the table, and it was Friday! What with the antipasto and the plentiful vegetables and the fish course I did the best I could, and my opinion of Señores O'Grady, Camarillo et al remained far from flattering. It was only when the steak had become annihilated that I learned that the interdict against flesh meat on Fridays did not apply in Argentina. It was one of the legacies of their Spanish descent. All the same, I hoped the Pope would look into it. Argentina is a great beef-producing nation, and as a result the Argentinians eat too much meat anyway. A fast on Friday would do them good. One never saw such an array of medicines for dyspepsia anywhere as one finds in the apothecary windows of Buenos Aires.

During our stay in Buenos Aires the word was passed that the officers of the ships of all nations then in harbor were invited to attend a festa at the grounds of the Rural Society on a certain Sunday afternoon. The invitation must have been more comprehensive, for presently young Englishmen began arriving down from Paraguay and Uruguay and from the pampas as far west as the Andes. Brown, fit, lean, marvelously clear-eyed, one sensed that unlike the American immigrants who did not care to leave the port cities and the cabarets, these aliens would grow up and solidify British interests in their adopted country. On the eventful day the aristocratic and exclusive Ritz sheltered as cosmopolitan a gathering as could be found anywhere. I had donned my navy uniform, and had permitted my friend Señor Camarillo to convince me that I should wear a cane which was of bamboo and therefore light. Thus attired I felt no umbrage even from the Englishmen's swagger.

We went to Communion that morning at the Jesuit college with the sodality. They like the blue of the ribbons down there, and the gleam of her Ladyship's silver medal. There was breakfast after, in the refectory: rolls and coffee. "Norte American!" I heard eddy about me in boyish whispers. We North Americans clip our hair shorter over the ears than do the barbers in South America; it was a dead give-away. Afterward they crowded about, curious, eager, fingering the serge of the uniform, the gold braid, the silver insignia of the great sister republic—even the cane

passed muster! Fine lads, with the blond and chestnut hair of England, the brown of Ireland, the black of Latin lands. Obviously a melting pot. But such is the influence of the Latin strain, the age of adolescence begins early, and maturity arrives for these South Americans far sooner than it does for their North American cousins.

Everyone was on their way to the grounds of the Rural Society after. For this day of the great international festa even the race-tracks at Palermo were deserted—no small self-denial for your Argentinian man about town. In the centre of the grounds a triumphal arch had been set up, and in the corner a cenotaph had been erected, from whose top a classic urn fumed drenchings of incense. I have attended similar gatherings in our own country, and the classic urn shed a smoke compound of newspapers and grass to make a proper smudge.

Glancing around, I caught the eye of my captain among the Swedish officers contingent; he looked rueful, Captain R—— did, but was too gallant a gentleman to show it. The truth was, that at the preceding Lucullan banquet at the clubhouse, and even now at the formation of the procession to pass under the triumphal arch, there was no question of the precedence to be allowed to the United States officers. Our contingent was small, and the English, French, Italian and Swedish were large; but as the massed bands struck up the Argentine national anthem and then the Stars and Stripes we North Americans were the vanguard. It was an unmistakable gesture of Argentine courtesy and friendliness.

Followed a pause beneath the arch while beautiful señoras and even more beautiful señoritas pinned upon our heaving chests the silver memorial medal struck in honor of the occasion. On one side they bore a cross; on the other a fisted sword, backed with laurel, and the legend "A Los Cruzados de la Civilizacion" (To the Crusaders of Civilization). The day wound up in a blaze of glory, with a grand gala opera performance at the Colon Theatre. Tier on tier the handsome place glowed with the beauty and the gowns and the jewels of the ladies, and the full dress and the uniforms of the men. I wore my medal with its blue-and-white ribbon—why not? I was willing to have come a matter of a few thousand miles to get something out of the war!

It hangs on my watch-chain still. Not, however, where the world may see it, but where my hand occasionally in pocket may feel it. It is a token of acquaintance with a fine and gracious people, inordinately proud of their North American cousins, valuing our acquaintance and friendship, and distinctly worth cultivating. One hopes the recent trouble is but temporary, and that the disturbance will soon quiet down. Then our trend of travel may well turn southward to take in the acquaintance of the Argentinians and other certainly well worth knowing South American neighbors of ours.

Places and Persons

PARKMAN AND THE MARTYRS

By ALAN POLMAISE

UNDER a giant elm at Penetanguishene, on the Ontario shores of Lake Huron, stands a rough granite bearing a plaque with the legend:

Commemorating
FRANCIS PARKMAN
American Citizen
Historian of Huronia

Rather colorful that. On June 29, 1930, the Holy See, with every ancient circumstance of pomp and grandeur and ritual, solemnly proclaimed the canonization of Brébeuf, Lalemant, Jogues, Garnier, Daniel, Goupil and Lalande: poignant acknowledgment of the achievement of one Francis Parkman in retrieving these great names from the obscurity of oblivion. Parkman, intellectualist and agnostic, becomes Parkman, martyrologist; through the centuries hagiography has instanced nothing like it.

Parkman's chronicle, *The Jesuits in North America*, with its savage scenery and savage men, is the penta-teuch, unmatched in wild sublimity, of primitive America. Here is the setting, or scenario, he unrolls for the staging of his drama:

One vast, continuous forest shadowed the fertile soil, covering the land as the grass covers a garden lawn, weeping over hill and hollow in endless undulation, burying mountain in verdure, and mantling brooks and rivers from the light of day. Green intervals dotted with browsing deer, the broad plains alive with buffalo, broke the sameness of the woodland scenery. Unnumbered rivers seamed the forest with their devious windings. Vast lakes washed its boundaries, where the Indian voyager, in his birch canoe, could descry no land beyond the world of waters. Yet this prolific wilderness, teeming with waste fertility, was but a hunting-ground and a battle-field to a few fierce hordes of savages. One might journey for days together through the twilight forest and meet no human form. All Kentucky was a vacant waste. A great part of Canada, of Michigan and of Illinois, besides other portions of the West, were tenanted by wild beasts alone.

A stone fortalice, set in the heart of ancient Huronia—home and hunting-ground of the largest savage community in America, still raises the mounds of its bastions and ramparts, deep-grown with moss and ferns and clustered o'er with grape-vine long since gone wild. The ruins of old Fort Ste-Marie, rich in memories of lofty spiritual devotion and tragic self-renunciation, remain a mute memorial of the virgin wilderness, when, in the vastness of the lonely woodlands, civilized man found precarious harborage at Tadousac and Quebec and Huronia alone. Strangely enough, with the swarming activity and tempo of American

life today, Huronia has largely been left untouched. To the south may be found the picturesque towns of Orillia, Midland, Barrie and Penetanguishene; but, reaching to the north, the jealous wilderness still asserts its sway, and, over the ancient sites of Ossossane, Ihonitiria, Caraghouha, Toanche, Cahiague and Contarea, the forest, in grim repose, holds its guard around the lake of the Hurons that glistens in its shadow, and doubles in its mirror, crag, precipice and pine.

Nearly three centuries have elapsed since the Hurons vanished from their ancient seats; and, to the perplexity of the finders, in the solitude of what seems virgin forest, strange secrets are constantly unearthed—huge pits, close packed with human bones, copper kettles, stone implements and iron tomahawks. Yet, Parkman, interpreting the begrimed and worm-eaten parchments of *The Jesuit Relations*, gave us—almost a hundred years ago—in minute and vivid fidelity, the daily life of this ruined community, its acceptance of the black-robos throughout its thirty-two lodge-towns, and its final cataclysm of horror and blood.

The true genesis of the Parkman martyrology is narrated in his account of the advent of LeCaron and the great Champlain at the triple-palisaded town of Caraghouha in 1615. He says:

The twelfth of August was a day evermore marked with white in LeCaron's calendar. Arrayed in priestly vestments, he stood before his simple altar; behind him his little band of Christians, the twelve Frenchmen who had accompanied him, and the two who had followed Champlain. Here stood their devout and valiant chief, and, at his side, that pioneer of pioneers, Etienne Brulé. The Host was raised aloft; the worshipers kneeled. Then their rough voices joined in the hymn of praise, *Te Deum Laudamus*; and then a volley of their guns proclaimed the triumph of the faith to the okies, the manitous and all the brood of anomalous devils who had reigned with undisputed sway in these wild realms of darkness. The brave friar, a true soldier of the Church, had led her forlorn hope into the fastnesses of hell; and now, with contented heart, he might depart in peace, for he had said the first Mass in the country of the Hurons.

Here, in Huronia, historic and heroic heart of primeval America, for nearly two score years, that is, until the dispersal of the Hurons in 1650, Parkman's sainted apostles carried on their mission. They were years crowded with scenes of tragic interest, with marvels of suffering and vicissitude, of heroism and endurance. With scrupulous accuracy the Harvard historian describes the *dramatis personae*:

Brébeuf—that masculine apostle of the Faith—was the Ajax of the enterprise. Nature had given him all

the passions of vigorous manhood, and religion had crushed them, curbed them, or tamed them to do her work—like a dammed-up torrent, sluiced and guided to grind and saw and weave for the good of man. Beside him, in strange contrast, stands his co-laborer, Charles Garnier. Both were of noble birth and gentle nurture; but here the parallel ends. Garnier's face was beardless, though he was above thirty years of age. With none of the bone and sinew of rugged manhood he entered, not only without hesitation, but with eagerness, on a life which would have tried the boldest; and sustained by the spirit within him, he was more than equal to it. His fellow-missionaries thought him a saint; and had he lived a century or two earlier, he would perhaps have been canonized. Chabanel came later. He detested the Indian life—the smoke, the vermin, the filthy food, the impossibility of privacy. He could not study by the smoky lodge-fire, among the noisy crowd of men and squaws, with their dogs and their restless, screeching children. Yet he bound himself by a solemn vow to remain to the day of his death. Isaac Jogues was of a character not unlike Garnier. Nature had given him no especial force of intellect or constitutional energy, yet the man was indomitable and irrepressible, as his history shows.

Discretion and gentleness mark the amenities of the New England agnostic's difficult understanding of the ascetic life:

Signs and voices from another world, visitations from hell and visions from heaven, were incidents of no rare occurrence in the lives of these ardent apostles. To Bréboeuf, whose deep nature, like a furnace white hot, glowed with the still intensity of his enthusiasm, they were especially frequent. Demons in troops appeared before him, sometimes in the guise of men, sometimes as bears, wolves or wild-cats. He called on God, and the apparitions vanished. Death, like a skeleton, sometimes menaced him, and once, as he faced it with unquailing eye, it fell powerless at his feet. A demon, in the form of a woman, assailed him with the temptation which beset St. Benedict among the rocks of Subiaco; but Brébeuf signed the cross, and the infernal siren melted into air. He saw the vision of a vast and gorgeous palace; and a voice assured him that such was to be the reward of those who dwelt in savage hovels for the cause of God. Angels appeared to him; and more than once Saint Joseph and the Blessed Virgin were visibly present before his sight. Once, when he was among the Neutral Nation, in the winter of 1640, he beheld the ominous apparition of a great cross slowly approaching from the quarter where lay the country of the Iroquois. He told the vision to his comrades. "What was it like? How large was it?" they eagerly demanded. "Large enough," replied the priest, "to crucify us all."

With language of stern simplicity Parkman narrates the circumstances of the final holocaust and Huron exodus. For purposes of brevity, we confine ourselves to the martyrdoms of Jogues, Lalemant and Brébeuf.

Isaac Jogues, taken captive by the Iroquois, was led from canton to canton, and village to village, enduring fresh torments and indignities at every stage of his progress. Men, women and children vied with each other in

ingenious malignity. Redeemed at length, by the humane exertions of a Dutch officer, he repaired to France, where his disfigured person and mutilated hands told the story of his sufferings. But the promptings of a sleepless conscience urged him to return and complete the work he had begun; to illumine the moral darkness upon which, during the months of his disastrous captivity, he fondly hoped that he had thrown some rays of light. Once more he bent his footsteps toward the scene of his living martyrdom, saddened with a deep presentiment that he was advancing to his death. Nor were his forebodings untrue. In a village of the Mohawks, the blow of a tomahawk closed his mission and his life.

Then followed the overwhelming of Huronia by the wild and frenzied Iroquois and the ruin of all their villages. In the murk of flaming palisades, Brébeuf and Lalemant fell into the Iroquois clutches. In language of surpassing visualization, Parkman recounts what ensued.

Brébeuf was led apart, and bound to a stake. He seemed more concerned for his captive converts than for himself, and addressed them in a loud voice, promising heaven as their reward. The Iroquois, incensed, scorched him from head to foot, to silence him; whereupon, in the tone of a master, he threatened them with everlasting flames for persecuting the worshipers of God. As he continued to speak, with voice and countenance unchanged, they cut away his lower lip and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. He still held his tall form erect and defiant, with no sign or sound of pain; and they tried another means to overcome him.

They led out Lalemant, that Brébeuf might see him tortured. They had tied strips of bark, smeared with pitch, about his naked body. When he saw the condition of his superior, he could not hide his agitation, and called out to him, with a broken voice, in the words of Saint Paul, "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men." Then he threw himself at Brébeuf's feet; upon which the Iroquois seized him, made him fast to a stake and set fire to the bark that enveloped him. As the flame rose, he threw his arms upward, with a shriek of supplication to heaven. Next they hung around Brébeuf's neck a collar made of hatchets heated red-hot; but the indomitable priest stood like a rock.

A Huron in the crowd, who had been a convert of the mission, but was now an Iroquois by adoption, called out with the malice of a renegade, to pour hot water on their heads, since they had poured so much cold water on those of others. The kettle was accordingly slung, and the water boiled and poured slowly on the heads of the two missionaries. "We baptize you," they cried, "that you may be happy in heaven; for nobody can be saved without a good baptism." Brébeuf would not flinch; and, in a rage, they cut strips of flesh from his limbs, and devoured them before his eyes. After a succession of other revolting tortures, they scalped him; when, seeing him nearly dead, they laid open his breast, and came in a crowd to drink the blood of so valiant an enemy, thinking to imbibe with it some portion of his courage. A chief then tore out his heart and devoured it.

Thus died Jean de Brébeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero and its greatest martyr. He came of a noble race—the same from which sprang the English

earls of Arundel: but never had the mailed barons of his line confronted a fate so appalling, with so prodigious a constancy. To the last he refused to flinch, and "his death was the astonishment of his murderers." In him an enthusiastic devotion was grafted on an heroic nature. His bodily endowments were as remarkable as the temper of his mind. His manly proportions, his strength and his endurance, which incessant fasts and penances could not undermine, had always won for him the respect of the Indians no less than a courage unconscious of fear and yet redeemed from rashness by a cool and vigorous judgment.

Thus Parkman. No man was individually a more potent advocate and factor in arriving at the actual canonization of these saints than the great American and distinguished historian. He says:

I have striven to reproduce an image of the past with photographic clearness and truth. It is not for me to eulogize these Jesuits, but to portray them as they were. Their lives attest the earnestness of their faith, the intensity of their zeal.

The sinister actors in this great drama were the Iroquois—foremost in war, formost in cruelty, foremost in all the savage arts of America primeval. They carried their sanguinary conquests and depredations from Quebec to the Carolinas and from the forests of Maine to the western prairies. In the south they forced tribute from the subjugated Delawares and, with restless ferocity, pierced the mountain fastnesses of the Cherokees. In the north they desolated Huronia and ravaged the other ancient settlements of the Wyandots; in the west they exterminated the Eries and the Susquehanna Andastes, and spread havoc and ruin among the tribes of the Illinois. All America shook with the fury of their onslaught; colonists fled to the forts; blood-besmeared savages roamed like wolves among the burning settlements and the black arches of the forest glowed with the fires of death.

Inflated with pride of conquest, the Iroquois crossed the Mississippi and challenged the Sioux to combat. Tradition says that when the Iroquois advanced to give battle, Malahuk, chief of the Ogallalah Sioux, strode forward and said to the Mohawks: "What have you come for?" "We have come to hunt," answered the Iroquois. "So have we," spoke back Malahuk, "and what animals are you hunting?" "Men," was the haughty reply. "You have found them," shouted Malahuk, chief of the Sioux, and with bows and arrows, tomahawk and scalping knife, the fight opened. After hours of desperate fighting, the Iroquois went down to bloody defeat. This was the beginning of the decline of the Iroquois fighting strength; military raids, whisky and debauchery ended the tragedy.

On August 3, 1921, in Huronia Park, to the Penetanguishene shores of Matchedash Bay, came two giant canoes, paddled by neutral Objibwa. The foremost carried, in full tribal accoutrement, Chief André Staats and the five head sachems of the Iroquois confederates, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas. The second craft bore, in stately dignity, Ovide Sioui, grand chief of the Hurons, attended by a sub-chief—both coming all the way from Indian Lorette, beyond Quebec. Landing in silence, on soil that 300 years before had been saturated with the blood of the two nations in desperate conflict, the chieftains moved to a rendezvous at the foot of a huge blood-red boulder. The calumet was lighted and, with slow solemnity, passed from mouth to mouth; an ancient iron tomahawk was interred at the foot of the boulder. "Now we go hunt moose," said Staats, Iroquois sachem. "Together," said Sioui, grand chief of the Hurons. The Huron-Iroquois peace was a fait-accompli. Milway Filion, Jesuit superior general, took his stand with the little group, witness at their request of their final reconciliation.

ARE WE DUE TO DISAPPEAR?

By JAMES J. WALSH

WHEN ex-President Roosevelt returned from his trip around the world some twenty years ago, most of the people in this country were very much interested in his opinions on foreign countries and their problems. He had been in intimate relations with the men who were closest to the heart of affairs and his observations carried weight. Undoubtedly one of his declarations that attracted most attention was that if the current death and birth rates in Australia continued, there would be no white inhabitants in that great island continent by the year 2000. Most people knew of the determined effort on the part of the Australians to keep out the brown and yellow races and maintain Australia for the whites. Most of us sympathized with the idea of a "white Australia," but here was a startling and unforeseen

consequence of that movement which gave us serious cause to think.

Very probably the expression that there would be no white people in Australia by the end of the twentieth century struck most people as something of an exaggeration. They were more than half inclined to attribute it to a certain tendency which some thought they had noted in our worthy ex-President even during his administration: a tendency to overstate things in order to ensure attention to the announcement being put forward at the moment. Many could not persuade themselves that it was possible that at this climax of evolution, when we are the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time, modern educated people intent on the development of humanity and the happiness of the race could literally wipe them-

selves out. The whole affair as thus presented seemed to be a striking illustration of the well-known fact that, while figures do not lie, they can be made to say almost anything that one who is interested in certain conclusions is looking for in them. Race suicide was a favorite topic with Mr. Roosevelt and this apparently was an occasion to exploit it.

But here we are, twenty years after in our own country, not only faced with the possibility but threatened with the actuality of a decrease in population unless we admit immigrants to fill up the gaps made by lack of births. There are now enough facts available from the recent census to make it clear that in less than three years, if the present decline in the birth rate continues in this country, there will begin a drop in the population because the number of deaths will be higher than the number of births.

The American birth rate has been going down rather rapidly during this generation. Forty years ago it was 33 per thousand of population. By the end of the great war it had dropped to under 25 per thousand. Five years later it had dropped to nearly 22.5 per thousand. Less than five years later, in 1927, it had dropped 2.5 more, to 20 per thousand. It took only another year to bring it well below that. Dr. T. F. Murphy, chief statistician for the United States Bureau of Vital Statistics, estimates the birth rate for 1929 as scarcely more than 19. It is manifestly still on the descent, and the head of the Bureau of Vital Statistics calls attention to the fact that when it sinks to 18, the population of the country will automatically stop growing unless, of course, through accessions from other countries by immigration.

The outlook, then, is that by 1935 the death rate will be higher than the birth rate and we shall be a disappearing people. How long before actual disappearance could be looked for would not be hard to calculate. A great deal would depend on how much lower the birth rate is going to go in the course of the years just ahead of us. President Roosevelt suggested the year 2000 as a limit for Australia. Our 120,000,000 of population could not be disposed of quite as soon as that, but the beginning of the end is already in sight. The advocates of birth control have succeeded in their purpose of reducing the population. If that success continues, and above all if their policy becomes even more popular than it has been, as seems probable from recent figures, it is very probable that a visiting Australian statesman who would come to us toward the end of the present decade might very well go back to his southern continent and tell his constituents that by the year 2000, unless there was a very definite change in the social policy of the people, the United States would be a disappearing element in world politics; for its population would be so reduced as to make it a negligible factor in world affairs.

A great many people in this country clamor for the prevention or the strict limitation of immigration. Their slogan is "America for the Americans." Not

a few of these are the very ones who refuse to take their share of the burden of race in begetting and raising children. They are as ardent for the policy of America for the Americans as Australians are for a white Australia. But what is the use of it all if there are to be no native Americans in the course of a century to inherit the precious privileges of democracy?

Doubtless at the present time any such expression as this will appear even more exaggerated than did President Roosevelt's at first blush with regard to the Australians twenty years ago. It seems almost preposterous that, with over 120,000,000 of us enumerated in the census, we should be on the verge of disappearing. But we have other evidence for that eventuality besides the declaration of the Bureau of Vital Statistics. The United States Bureau of Education announces, for the first time in our history, an actual decrease in school attendance. Chicago reports a decrease of more than 6,000 children attending school in the past five years. This might seem to be an accidental circumstance, and Chicago might be anomalous in this regard as in so many others, but something of the same sort is reported for the whole country. In the five years following 1920, though the population of the country increased some 10 percent, the school population decreased nearly 10 percent.

Children begin to go to school at the age of about six, and the decline in the birth rate has been so rapid during the past fifteen years, and particularly since the war, that the Bureau of Education thinks it doubtful if the number of children about to begin their schooling is increasing from year to year. It certainly is not increasing at anything like its earlier rate, and the falling off in enrolment has been noticed not only in cities of more or less stationary population but also in those that are growing rather rapidly.

The reasons for this state of affairs are discussed very frankly by Dr. Murphy, the chief statistician of the Bureau of Vital Statistics. He states the first as the increase of residence in apartments where of course children are not welcomed and where, in many cases, they are actually taboo. Next to this is the delay in marrying, which is growing more and more noticeable; and the fact that, in many of these late marriages, husbands and wives arrange both to continue as wage earners, which means almost inevitably no children. Dr. Murphy emphasizes also the legislation which lessens immigration and particularly excludes the more prolific races.

Similar reports come in from the rest of the world. In France for some years they have actually faced depopulation, for the estimates have shown an annual decrease in the number of inhabitants. Very serious efforts have been made to change this condition of affairs, appeals have been directed to patriotism and offers have been made by the government to help in the support of children. As the result, I believe that last year there was not only a cessation of the continued diminution in the population, but actually a

net increase of a few thousands. Germany has nearly double the population of France, in spite of war losses and peace-treaty segregations from her population. But the German birth rate is now also falling—faster, as a matter of fact, than the French, and the teeming millions that were adding to the military prestige of Germany are no longer the factor they used to be.

It seemed almost incredible that the Australians should give up their heritage of a great island continent because they were not willing to have children enough to keep up the population. It is clear now that other peoples are under the same threat of depopulation. Twenty years ago any question of a similar state of affairs developing here in America seemed utterly absurd and altogether negligible, but manifestly we shall have to face it, and also that other question of whether life is enough worth the living to justify taking the trouble to perpetuate it. Long ago it was said, "Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land." There would seem to be a rather striking exemplification of that in this present state of affairs. People are so occupied with themselves and their own pleasures and comforts and conveniences, that they are not willing to bear the burdens of life, and so they simply wipe themselves out. One thing is perfectly sure: they will not possess the land. Only those who are willing to take things as they are will see their children rise up to call them blessed, to be a consolation to them in their declining years and the heirs of whatever they have tried to get together to make life happier for those who come after them.

Gentaur

The raindrops slant down close together;
A year-old horse back to the weather
Looks yearningly toward the panes
Where creatures live who hate the rains.

He knows that he should turn and run
As if the rain were merely fun
And make his neck an arch and show
The universe how it should go.

Horses ought to love their kin
And not desire to go in
Because their kin are rough in play
Like the rain that falls today.

Still, he cannot choose but stare
At the place where ones who share
Their food with others keep them dry,
He wonders if they know he's nigh.

In some dark corner of his skull
He knows these creatures slow and dull
Taste some pleasure he's denied
When they pat and sleek his side.

Then impatient with this dim
Trouble that has stirred in him
He wheels and counterfeits a glee
To shake off such disloyalty.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

THE STOCKHOLM EXHIBITION

By JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

WE BEGIN to hear the term "functionalism" linked on all sides with Stockholm. At least wherever the current exhibit is popularly reviewed. The doctrine of functionalism, properly understood, can be shrunk into the axiom "Form follows function." In the crafts and architecture its adherents preach the interdiction of the inessential, the denial of ornament purely as such, a determination of form by the utilitarian end envisaged in keeping with the nature of the materials employed. It is obvious that such a policy is based on the principle of conspicuous economy.

Unfortunately the bourgeois culture which dominates the western world today is founded, as Thorstein Veblen set forth in his *Theory of the Leisure Class*, upon the principle of conspicuous waste. For example, the aim of the decorative arts and crafts is not essentially to serve and enrich life, but rather to establish the pecuniary position of the householder. It is so here in the United States. And Sweden, we are told by one of the official pamphlets of the exhibition, "has the highest standard of living of any country, next to the United States." If this is true, and the standard of living referred to is the standard of living we know, it should be more difficult to reconcile "the contribution of Sweden in present-day attempts to use artistic talent to endow homes and their interiors with a superior quality and attractive appearance," with a dogma based on conspicuous economy, than would generally seem to be the case.

One has only to visit that corner of the fair dedicated to "the model home" to be convinced how far afield are Stockholm's aims from the ideally functional. There, on a hillside running gently down to the water's edge, a few dozen temporary, permanent and semi-permanent cottages hunch and huddle uncomfortably. Within, instead of the gay, "business-like," if sometimes almost surgical, asceticism of a Gropius or Le Corbusier interior, one finds only a grubby, half-physicked Victorianism.

Probably what has given more impetus that anything else to the association of Stockholm with "modernism" has been the architecture of E. G. Asplund. As designer-in-chief of the exposition, he has handled most of his problems felicitously. The main body of the exhibition is a dance of light. Blithe, summery structures tiptoe down to the shore of the lagoon-like Djurgardsbrunnsviken, smiling in flags and flowers and winking their interminable ribbon windows to the sunshine. And all with the butterfly charm of an evident transitoriness. There is nothing of the faked permanence, the gimcrackery and gingerbread in stucco and canvas that usually cankers an exposition of this sort.

Functionalism does enter here tentatively: the buildings are intended as magnified showcases; they pretend to be nothing more; and their fascination lies in the frank exploitation of their materials, their adaptation to environment and their simplicity. However, inasmuch as these are professedly mere display cases, it is illogical that their character should be predicated of the exhibition as a whole. And especially so, since the nature of the articles they house is so alien to the policy which governed Asplund's designs. It would certainly be difficult to force Orrefors glass, Gustavsberg porcelain or the bulk of the textiles on view into line with a code of conspicuous economy. Yet in summing up one's impressions from the viewpoint of Sweden's most distinctive contributions to the endowment "of homes and their interiors with a superior quality and

an attractive appearance," which is the avowed nature of the exhibition, it will unquestionably be these and kindred objects which stand out.

The glassware produced by the Orrefors works is world-known since its recognition at the Paris Exposition des Arts Decoratifs in 1925. Persistent experimentation since 1916 has produced a continual flow of new felicities in color, lustre and transparency. About a decade ago a training school was inaugurated with the result that today the firm has in its employ a considerable staff of experienced glass-blowers, cutters and engravers. The finest offerings on view at the present exhibit, both in the colored Graal glass and the engraved crystal, are those of two artists, Simon Gate and Edward Hald.

In ceramics, while Gustavsberg porcelain boasts Sweden's best-known designer in Kåge, the Boberg works offer patterns of perhaps even greater charm, particularly those of Edward Dahlskog and Eve Björk. In pewter the formal candor of much of the work of the firm Svensk Tenn is arresting in its freshness. But the most purely Swedish display of the whole exposition is to be found in the Textile Hall. Here we have the irrefutable evidence of Sloyd's success in keeping alive among the peasants the lofty traditions of craftsmanship that flourished in the middle ages. And from the products we can immediately realize how this pride in craftsmanship leaves its mark on the entire national culture.

Sloyd is a system organized for the promotion or fostering of home industries. It is a system of manual training in the use of tools and materials and in the making and use of plans and specifications connected with trade work. Its purpose is to develop the pupils mentally as well as to afford skill in some trade. For centuries in Sweden this system has been carried out both in the wooded uplands and on the arable plains. However, during the industrial revolution Sloyds did verge on extinction. The manufacturers had no conception of—or more probably no interest in—the stimulative living values of home industry. Fortunately in the province of Kalmar, an agricultural region, the handicrafts were protected and fostered. Then gradually recognition again kindled and Sloyd societies one by one were founded. Today there are some thirty of these organizations scattered throughout the country. And save for the Balkan states, Sweden has at present the most widely ramified Sloyd system in Europe.

By means of this system in Sweden the old traditions of weaving in particular have been preserved. For instance, the *haute-lisse* weaving introduced from Flanders years ago is practised nowhere else in modern Europe save in the Swedish province of Scania where we find it highly developed. And damask weaving, which is general throughout the Occident today, in Sweden alone is preserved as a handicraft.

But the mere technical heritage as such would have been of minor importance. The truly invaluable service rendered by Sloyd has been the preservation of an aesthetic sense of color and form among the people through the darkest period of industrialism and nineteenth-century tastes. And today a supervisory organization known as the Svensk Hemsloyd devotes its energies to keeping the tradition free from academicism, or even a conservatism in the matter of design that in time might decay interest. Artists are employed by the group and new patterns are continually dispersed throughout the country as models for the workers in the various techniques. In this way the craft is kept living. It is national. And it is primarily a national interest in it that brings craftsmanship in Sweden to probably the highest level which is to be found anywhere in Europe or the Americas today.

NEWLY SEVEN

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

I SHOULD never have wondered about Olsen if I had not changed bunks one morning after a stormy night off Dixon Entrance. We upbraided the weather at the time, for bad weather was uncommonly unpleasant on the rotting old four-master Camano, but it passed soon enough, and I had already formed a mental picture, a strangely accurate one, of Olsen.

Cold and weary, I came off watch that morning at eight o'clock, when the long northern night was breaking to a grey dawn that dimly revealed the ghostly, snow-wrapped mountains of British Columbia. I climbed into the dingy foc'sle to find it half filled with water, as a port-hole had been stove in by a sea. The lower bunks were awash. The upper bunks on the weather side were in a clammy confusion. Blankets were soaked, pillows lay soggy and cold, the straw from the sparse mattresses gave off a rank sickening smell.

I had been occupying an upper bunk on the weather side, and my bed was a sadly uninviting refuge. Two books, which I had thrust beneath the pillow at midnight, lay in a shapeless mass on the sodden blankets. My ditty-box, a little chest of camphorwood bought in Hongkong at the price of two days' hunger, had been burst open. Spools of thread, pencils, scissors, buttons and a dozen other things had receded to all corners of the bunk. I gathered them up, wrung the salt water out of the blankets, and spread my bed in an unused bunk on the lee side.

There was nothing to read; so I lay in my damp bunk gazing wide-eyed at the paneled ceiling a foot overhead. It was apparent that many another sailor had lain just so, perhaps too tired and cold for sleep, staring idly at the bulkhead. For they had recorded that monotonous vigil by carving their names on the faded panel. Here was the toiling succession of the sea:

JAMES HEALY
GUSTAV OCHS
P. PEDERSEN
CARL JENSEN
WM. TUCKER
JOE LEGUOIX

Beside their names were records of their voyages, showing that the Camano had long raced with the wind on the open sea before she was reduced to the ignominy of towing with lumber from a desolate sawmill settlement in Alaska. After Pedersen's name was the laconic legend: San Francisco to Callao. Certainly then the Camano had fled before the southern trades with sails that brushed the sky. Beside Jensen's name was neatly carved: San Pedro to Salina Cruz. Doubtless this was a cargo of coconuts, leisurely carried up the coast from Mexico. After the name of Leguoux came two words that made me forget the cold and desolation of Dixon Entrance: Honolulu—Tahiti; and with a flourish of his knife this beachcomber of the Pacific had carved a miniature topsail schooner between the magic names.

Warmed by this suggestion of tropic seas, I pulled my oilskins under my chin to sleep, when at the head of the bunk I caught sight of a fresh inscription: OTTO OLSEN, Seattle to Skagway. This, I thought, must represent a recent voyage of the Camano, towing to Alaska for fir.

While I lay looking idly upon the freshly carved name, I noticed that one of the panels of the bulkhead was slightly warped and that from behind it there showed a corner of paper. Not very curiously I drew it forth, thinking to find one of the pictures that seafaring men carry with them and often tack

alongside their bunks to provide a suggestion of delights ashore and tide them over the harsh discipline of great waters. But this proved to be different. It was a folded page, apparently torn from a magazine. On the outer side, penciled roughly over the printed text, were the initials O. O. More curiously I unfolded the paper. There, in the soft tones of a mezzotint, was the strangely sweet face of a child, with Gouverneur Morris's birthday verses beneath:

"Come, let us kiss you, Newly Seven,
Seven times and one to grow on;
For the new year may not go on
Till the lucky kiss be given,
Child of heaven, newly seven.

"As beauty is the gift of heaven,
So yours, child, too, is godly-given,
For it does seem to me that even
Thus Jesus looked when he was seven."

The face of the child held a strange and unforgettable quality, a sweetness deepened almost to sorrow by the wistfulness of childhood. The mouth held a smile in which was question as well as gladness. In the eyes was a tenderness that verged on tears. Ringlets of auburn hair fell across the shoulders and framed the half-sad, half-smiling face in a cloud of shadowed gold. After I folded the page and replaced it behind the warped bulkhead, the face seemed still to linger there, misty, clouded with dim things, and half suggestive of loss.

We made little progress during the day. As I stood at the wheel in the winter dusk, snow was falling thickly and the changing flashes of the Shaggard light were dim across the tossing waters.

Presently I heard the captain coming up from his cabin. He gave his usual greeting: "Well, son, can't you keep off shore any farther, or do you want to scrape her bottom on those rocks?"

"Following the tug, sir. He's been holding well inside."

Presently I ventured a question: "Was there an Olsen aboard last trip?"

"Yes, Olsen was here last trip. How d'you know?" he questioned.

"Saw his name on my bunk." Then after a pause, "Was he a good man?"

"Yes, good enough man, but a wild fellow, ugly. He picked a fight at the inlet, over some Siwash woman. Knocked out two sawmill hands and a cruiser. I had to keep him aboard after that."

Captain Johansen walked over to the rail, called to the lookout on the fol'sle-head to set the riding lights, then came back.

"Olsen may turn up again," he continued. "He left his gear behind at Seattle. Went ashore one night before we sailed and never came back. Prob'ly got drunk and couldn't think what ship he was in. I've got his bag below. There's little enough in it; but he may turn up again."

Three weeks later the Camano, her weathered hull swollen with a high deckload of yellow fir, slipped into the Smith Cove lumber docks at Seattle. A heavy drizzle darkened the pier-head and half obscured a group of figures along the wharf. When we had swung a gangway over the side, a huge and hulking figure emerged from the mist and mounted the steep incline. He advanced with long strides and disdained to steady his huge frame by holding to the rail.

Captain Johansen stepped across the deckload to meet him. "Well, Olsen, you're back again," he observed.

"Yaa. I cum back," boomed a deep but quiet voice.

"You want your gear?" asked the Old Man. "Maybe I gave it away already."

Olsen disdained the question. "I want my yob," he said.

"Well," said the Captain, "I guess we'll have a berth for you. But where you been, Olsen, since last trip?"

"I yoost go 'shore a while." The huge seaman's gaze wandered off vaguely through the drizzle.

"Drunk, were you, so you couldn't get your ship when we sailed?"

"No, I yoost stay on shore," Olsen repeated.

"Well, where you been then, all this time?"

"I go to Montana," the giant answered. His deep voice was quieter than before.

"To Montana? What for to Montana?"

"I go to birt'day party." This time Olsen's voice was but a mutter. He gazed at the deck like a rebuked schoolboy.

"I knew you were drunk all the time," declared Captain Johansen conclusively. "Well, go along forrad. You can sign on in the morning."

In the days that followed I found Olsen a moody fellow who could sit for hours silently smoking a black and violent tobacco. When he did speak, which happened occasionally, it was only to deliver a ponderous monosyllable, after which his blunted teeth clamped back tightly on the pipe stem. We were not a social ship, anyway. The Camano carried but four men, and that was not number enough to break up the loneliness of a lofty schooner, her masts bare, her sails in disuse, her decks echoing to solitary footfalls.

When we headed north again, I managed to share the watch with Olsen. The cold night watches we spent together in the pilot house, a rude shelter that enclosed the wheel and gave some protection from the icy winds that blew down from the Bering Sea.

Here Olsen smoked his pipe incessantly, and in these intimate quarters I gradually pried into his confidence. One night while the Shaggard light threw its alternating red and white fingers over the water, I began a chain of remarks on domestic matters. He smoked on like a wooden Indian with no tongue in his stolid head. Finally I came out flat-footed with a question.

"Olsen," I said, "you got a wife?"

He looked up. "Who? Me?"

"Yes," I repeated, "you got a wife?"

"Yaa," he said impassively. "I got a wife, all right."

"You got a family?"

"Yaa. I got a kid. A little girl." This time his voice held a hint of interest.

"Oh," I said. "You never see her, I guess?"

"Yaa, I see her." He took the pipe from his mouth. "I go see her last trip. She have birt'day, one time."

"How old was she?"

"She iss seven year."

Endeavoring to be casual, I asked: "Did you kiss her seven times?"

In the darkness I felt his startled gaze upon me. Then he puffed at his pipe and turned away. "No, I don't kiss her," he said. "No, by gar, I a'int never kiss her. How can I kiss her now? I can't kiss her if I try for t'ree mont'."

He stopped and smoked earnestly at his pipe, as if seeking support after this undue confession. The pipe made little watery wheezes as he sucked. Then he went on.

"But wan day I catch her an' I say, 'You be good girl,' an' I spank her seven times. I spank her like hal." At this he laughed hugely.

"Did she laugh?" I asked, after a pause.

"Laff? No, she cry like hal." He chuckled to himself this time, as though the memory were of deep inward delight.

More soberly he went on: "Then the ol' lady, my wife, she git mad. She say, 'Git out, an' don't never be back here no more.' So I cum back to sea," he finished.

His pipe had gone out. With a cupped hand he held a fresh match to it and sucked noisily at the bitter smoke.

Eight bells went soon afterward. I took care to let Olsen precede me to the foc'sle by several minutes. When I came in, I saw that my hazard was correct. The paper was gone from the warped panel above my bunk. As I feigned sleep, Olsen stirred in the bunk beneath me and leaned into the feeble foc'sle light. He opened the folded paper and stroked the wistful face with a huge and calloused hand.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE LAST OF THE GAELS

Richmond Hill, L. I.

TO the Editor:—Congratulations from an Irish exile on the editorial, *The Last of the Gaels*, which appeared in your issue of September 10. But why write a lament for the Gael before he is dead? Why take his death for granted? Let the writer examine more closely the causes of decay and the possibility of a remedy.

At the outset, the writer of the article falls into grievous error in the statement—"the latest census was taken under the auspices of a government favorable to the development of Gaelic, whereas the earlier count of Gaelic-speaking residents has been made by the British authorities." Now, when did the Free State junta cease to be a "British authority," and how is it favorable to the development of Gaelic? The lackeys who comprise this junta are bound hand and foot to their imperial taskmasters, despite all outward show. They hold Ireland for the empire, and, as a Gaelic Ireland would inevitably lead to a Free Ireland, it is their business to ensure that there shall not be a Gaelic Ireland. They deliberately keep the Gael on the barren west coast by subsidizing the purchase of practically useless fishing gear, meanwhile allowing foreign travelers, with superior equipment, to come in and rob him of any possibility of a livelihood. The only alternative to starvation on the west coast is emigration.

But there is a remedy, had Ireland a nationally conscious government. The decay of the language is a national crisis and should be dealt with as such. Coercion, if necessary, should be applied, even as it was applied in establishing the tongue of the foreigner, for if the language dies—and a language cannot live in the dead pages of a book—then will death have come to the ancient Irish nation.

Here lies the remedy: Let the Gael be dug out of the bogs and planted on the fertile lands now prostituted to Britain's need of beef. Let him be given preference in every academic position and in all the professions, so that his intellect shall dominate the national outlook. In case he should wish to pursue his livelihood in fishing, let him be given adequate equipment and adequate protection.

These things can be done, and, please God, will be done if the Gael survives the Free State. Let no man blind himself and say that Ireland is subdued, for it is beyond doubt that Ireland will try again. When the British connection is broken, the rebuilding of a Gaelic civilization will be possible, and when a Gaelic Ireland is established, freedom will be secure.

AN PIOBAIRE.

INSURANCE OR WORK

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—Helen M. McCadden's conclusions against employment insurance may be economically and sociologically sound; but, may we ask, are these conclusions Christian?

It appears that all her arguments are positive for the employer's side, and negative for the employee's side. Then, too, it is a violation of the known American spirit of independence to assume that because he receives employment insurance the potential worker will refuse to work.

Perhaps an experience close at home may lend point to my objection. Mr. J., aged fifty, was a janitor for a large concern which prides itself upon its handsome building, and which is now run open shop as compared to union shop in the lifetime of its founder. Mr. J., perhaps due to the business depression, had his wages reduced three times since the first of the year. The other day he was fired, and in the evening he shot himself. There was no argument about his doing his work well; he did, and excellently, too. They merely hired a younger man.

I maintain that since employers ignorantly retire men before the end of their period of usefulness they are bound morally and in equity to care for such by employment insurance. Isolated theories anent whether federal or state employment insurance is the thing, and recapitulations as to how Great Britain or any other country survives the dole, are all beside the point. A factory owner expects his machines and his men to be in working order whenever it pleases him to resume operations. Well and good; whether it be under federal, state or corporation auspices, employment insurance is the worker's only insurance against the current industrial millstones.

T. O'DONNELL.

INQUISITORS: OLD AND NEW

Oyster Bay, L. I.

TO the Editor:—I bespeak the hospitality of your correspondence column in order to correct misunderstandings which might arise from the kindly reference in your number of September 17 to my book on the origin of the Inquisition.

You say that in that book I contend "that prohibition enforcement is a more grievous and less justified infraction of human liberties than the medieval Inquisition," which statement in itself might persuade your readers that I made light of the systematic cruelty characteristic of that institution.

What I did say in my book, which I am thinking of reissuing in a second edition as although out of print it is still called for, was that under the social conditions of thirteenth-century western Europe it was much more important to preserve religious unity than it was in 1919 to try to force total abstinence on the American people.

I yield to no man living in hatred for the tyranny of the Methodists and their allies. I am proud of being a director of the national association opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment. I do not forget the legalized murders with which prohibition has disgraced our government; such atrocities as the Grundlach case, the Virkula case and the peculiarly vile De King case deserve to be long remembered. At the same time I would not be understood to say that these crimes excuse the tortures of the Inquisition. While it is true that judicial torture (known to our police as the third degree and to the French as the "passage à tabac") seems difficult to eradicate from police procedure, still these things should not be used in seeming apology for the cruelties of former times.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON.

SOMETHING IN THE AIR

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Why Williamstown? The *Commonweal* of August 27 discovers a sinister purpose in the program and policy of big business in the discussion on trade with Russia, yet it thinks that *normally* the debates at Williamstown are *not* staged and conducted for a purpose. An *Institute of Foreign Policy* destitute of purpose would be an extremely dangerous thing, apt to become irresponsible to the point of criminality. We may, however, be assured that anything sponsored by big finance has a purpose; it might even be an altruistic one. Some might suspect its purpose to be first to gain recognition as the unofficial spokesman of American public opinion, after which it could be used to deliver whatever big finance might determine to be for our good.

Is its purpose that is lacking at Williamstown, or is it good manners and settled principles? On one occasion a lecturer there insulted Italy and especially Italian fathers and mothers, by advising them to have fewer babies. On another occasion, an Italian ex-minister of state, in his eagerness to discredit the Roman settlement, insulted the Holy Father, even questioning his good faith.

The first rule of international intercourse is courtesy, and any government unable to control its "bad boys" ought to feel under obligation to apologize for them. A habit of national self-humiliation, if sincere, would be good for the soul; it would soothe the outraged feelings of neighbor nations and might even shame into silence some of the incantators of public opinion who now exalt their own "freedom" above the deficiencies of life. Incidentally, the habit would serve as a continual warning to the people against the mischief which is wrought by bad manners.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

PRIESTS AND GOLF

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—Several articles in *The Commonweal* recently, concerning priests and their recreations, in particular in reference to playing golf and the quotation about Our Lord's entertainment in the house of Simon the Pharisee and that "they watched Him," bring to mind a story I read in a long life of Saint Francis Xavier some years ago.

It refers to the saint and a wicked old sailor who had been guilty of about everything in the calendar. Somehow Saint Francis met him in port somewhere in India and just gave him the "rush." They were together all the time. Finally, one day, the sailor announced his departure on a certain vessel the next day, to which the saint replied "Well, that is quite a coincidence, I am sailing on that same vessel myself" (but his resolution to sail was just then made).

All through the voyage, which was from one port of India to another quite a distance away, Saint Francis was right at the old tar's elbow. When the sailor played cards, he was beside him, rejoicing when he won and lamenting when he lost. Finally, like most voyages, this one too came to an end and the strangely assorted pair went on shore. They walked through the town and out into the country beyond and there with Saint Francis seated on a roadside rock, the old sailor knelt on the ground and made his confession of the long sin-filled years.

When he had finished, Saint Francis told him to say a few Our Fathers and Hail Marys or something of the kind and added that while he was doing that, he himself would walk a little farther into the wood. The man said his penance and then sat down to wait. He waited until he was tired and

then started to look for his friend, but could not find him. Finally he heard a noise in the distance, and following the sound he came to the edge of an open space in the midst of which he saw his confessor of a few minutes before, flogging his bare back with an iron chain. Like a flash it came to him that the priest was doing his penance for him and from that day he was a changed man. The remainder of his life was spent in penance for the many sins of the past.

There may not be innumerable Francis Xaviers abroad in the United States, but we do not need the miracles in our time that were needed in the days of bringing the Faith to pagan India, China or Japan. Without the evidence of miracles we cannot know how many there are. At any rate, even though many of our priests may not be such bright stars in heaven's eyes and also, for fear they may be, it is probably better for us to remember that they are about their Master's business—whether they are laying their clean hands in the soiled ones of a weakling of the Faith whom we may have helped into a position of prominence that makes his weakness more manifest, or of some obscure derelict—when we are "watching him." Then too, we must recall that we cannot usually follow them into the wood, to see the climax of the story.

ANASTASIA M. LAWLER.

INTERRACIAL PROBLEMS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I hope you may be able to make use of the enclosed announcement in regard to the first session of the American Interracial Seminar to be held at various points in the South, November 11-21. We believe that this undertaking has sufficient news value to justify our asking you to give publicity to it. Due to the fact that the time is short, anything that you can do will help greatly.

HUBERT C. HERRING.

Announcement has been made of the formation of the American Interracial Seminar by a representative group interested in the improvement of race relations in the United States. The first session of the Seminar will be held at various points in the South, November 11-21, upon the topic of Negro Progress in the South. Professor Herbert A. Miller of Ohio State University is the chairman of the Seminar. The executive director is Hubert C. Herring. Over fifty persons have accepted membership in the committee of sponsors.

The purpose of the American Interracial Seminar, which is described as a very informal organization, is to consider interracial situations in the United States and the means of their improvement. The Seminar is non-partisan and non-propagandist and will pass no resolutions favoring any particular proposal for the improvement of race relations. It aims to provide a meeting-place for persons of a variety of experience who have widely differing ideas as to what methods should be used.

The 1930 session is being held as an experiment. Meetings will be held in Washington, D. C.; Richmond and Hampton, Virginia; Raleigh, North Carolina; Birmingham, Alabama; Atlanta, Georgia; Nashville, Tennessee; and other points. It is planned, if there is a demand for this type of Seminar, to hold sessions in the future upon such topics as the Oriental on the Pacific coast, the Mexican in the Southwest, the status of the American Indian, etc.

Membership in the Seminar will be open to those interested in the question of race relations and applications for membership in the 1930 session should be addressed to Hubert C. Herring, Executive Director, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Rhapsody

EVERY now and then one is brought to realize sharply that good ingredients, good actors, a good playwright and a first-rate producer cannot always make a good play. Louis K. Anspacher's *The Rhapsody*, presented by none other than George Cohan with Louis Calhern and an excellent cast resolves itself into a rather dreary parade of words in which one detects, as a matter of academic interest, all the scenes and situations which must have appeared in the manuscript as exceptionally "good theatre."

There is, however, one difference between an unsuccessful play and an unsuccessful omelette. The cause for a flat and discouraged omelette is generally shrouded in mystery. The reason or reasons for an unsuccessful play can invariably be spotted—after the event. In this case, the curious fact is that Mr. Cohan, who understands theatrical requirements as well as any living American, was unable to spot the main trouble during rehearsal. It is a case of the important things happening to the wrong people, thus failing to support a moderately interesting idea with dramatic unity. A general confusion of moral standards and a tricky and tedious use of modern psychological notions are other causes contributing to the stalemate.

Here you have, as material, a financially successful jazz writer, obviously capable of higher flights (the Philharmonic accepts his symphony) and with a family background of distinguished Hungarian nobility. He is the eternal clown, bringing rhythm and gaiety to others at the price of his own suffering. Such a character presents colorful possibilities. Clown, vagabond and artist all rolled into one—the kind of character that appeals strongly to Mr. Cohan, and one which Louis Calhern plays admirably. This character, Lodar Baron, is, however, suffering from a complex. It seems he was one of those sensitive plants shoved into the war with fatal effect. He was degraded from his rank for refusal to obey some brutal orders, and was subjected to every kind of indignity by one sergeant Krieger. Lodar's life was saved, after desertion, by this same Krieger, but only after Krieger had demanded and received his price in the favors of one Delphine. All this happened years ago, but has so rankled in Lodar's mind that he cannot find peace until he has found and killed Krieger. This desire to kill Krieger constitutes Lodar's complex, and the way he is cured forms the substance of the play, covering a period of twenty-four hours. A thirst for revenge in an otherwise peaceful and sensitive person offers ample material for drama.

But suppose we look at the way this material is wasted. Delphine (played with dignified good taste by Julia Hoyt) continues to hover fondly on the edge of Lodar's life, watching out for him with strictly maternal instinct. Part of Lodar's complex concerns Delphine's past—yet the two are not in love. They are simply good friends, and Lodar's love interest is transferred to an insipid blonde child, with social antecedents, who, it seems, learned from her dying mother that the only thing worth while in life was to find what you really want most to do and then to do it. As a result of this hazy code, so curiously derived (especially in a Cohan-sponsored play) the blonde Marjorie does not hesitate, with the aid of a penthouse moon and music, to taste a bit of matrimony in advance of a carefully planned wedding. This murky incident has almost nothing to do with the plot and is dragged in presumably by

the box-office door. Its dramatic result is merely to make Delphine a colorless auxiliary instead of being, as she should be, the centre of Lodar's bitter resentment of Krieger. The play could not possibly hope to hold interest unless Delphine and Marjorie were rolled into one character. The fact that Lodar loves one woman, but resents Krieger's connection with another, is what I mean by having the important things happen to the wrong person. It is just unbelievably bad playwriting.

The basic play material is further wasted by a very silly and prolonged treatment of the Krieger complex. It all ends too neatly in permitting Lodar to "shoot" Krieger with blank cartridges, on the rather discredited theory that putting an obsession into action promptly cures the obsession. Since modern psychiatry rather tends to the idea that a complex can be cured within the patient's mind by laying bare its source, the Krieger shooting episode loses the one thing that could give it drama, namely the idea of last rest. Moreover, letting the audience believe for half an act that Krieger has really been shot is simply one of those inane theatrical devices which rings so false that it makes Krieger's later entrance almost comic.

This is the kind of play generally produced in a fit of enthusiasm by a third-rate shoestring manager. It merits a pulling to pieces of its strangely weak points simply because of Mr. Cohan's sponsorship and the serious intentions of its authors and of the leading actors. Everything possible has been done to give its best scenes a flare of color and showmanship, but nothing can overcome the handicap of muddled thinking, muddled morals and the basic splitting of dramatic interest between two women. It is a moderately good idea quite ruined in the playwriting. (At the Cort Theatre.)

Outward Bound

OUTWARD BOUND has remained a rather vivid memory with many playgoers from the days when Alfred Lunt dominated its eerie quality by a superb bit of acting. The play, written by Sutton Vane, has been changed very little in its adaptation to the screen, and Warner Brothers have lavished upon it an exceptionally fine cast, including Leslie Howard in the former Lunt rôle, Beryl Mercer in her old part of the mother, Dudley Digges, Helen Chandler and Douglas Fairbanks, jr.—the last, incidentally, being one of the most promising young actors on the screen today.

It will be recalled that the play concerns itself with the experiences of seven characters who find themselves—to their varied concern, horror and amazement—dead. They meet on a mysterious ship which carries them, outward bound, on the voyage from life to eternal life. We learn certain essential bits about their lives, and then hear the verdict of the heavenly examiner. There are many points where the play gets sentimentally and hopelessly involved. It must always be a bit presumptuous for the human mind to attempt to mete out heavenly justice, and it is not surprising that the author gets his ideas of heaven, hell and purgatory rather mixed. Even Dante used poetic privilege to place a few of his political aversions in uncomfortable spots. Mr. Vane has invented a sort of limbo for suicides, a mild purgatory for snobs and drunkards, a continued life of service for ministers, and a road "in the other direction" for a guilty industrial magnate. In general, the after-life becomes a continuation of the present, except that

the characters are henceforth acting under assignment and without free choice. The problem of the young suicides, who found an illicit love-life too hard to face, is evaded by having them rescued and brought back to life. All in all, the author seems anxious to offend no one, and particularly not the sentimentalists. The play is the type so dear to Galsworthy—good milk of human kindness watered with sentimental compromises.

Considered purely as drama and playwriting, however, *Outward Bound* has many excellent moments. Suspense is well created without ever carrying too far. The technical freedom of the screen permits an even better flow and continuity than the stage. On the stage, valuable time is always lost in "exposition," that is, in dialogue which does not advance action but which informs the audience of important previous events. On the screen, such events can be shown directly, the transition from prologue to present action being swift and natural. The screen version of *Outward Bound* gains considerably through initial scenes in a London fog, a vision of the mysterious vessel at anchor in the Thames and later through scenes on the deserted deck of the ship—the ship that plows endlessly back and forth without captain or crew. The only false note comes with the scenes of the ship approaching the mystical shores of heaven. Here the producers have introduced some effects dear to the Hollywood heart which belie the simple intentions of the author—towering white buildings with illuminated domes rising in Maxfield Parrish perspectives and hinting suspiciously of a glorified Manhattan skyline. Otherwise the photography is subdued and dimly enough lighted to lend mystery and atmosphere.

In many ways, *Outward Bound* is one of the best acted pictures of recent months. Leslie Howard as the sensitive drunkard, Tom Prior, pursues his quiet, effective way with that matchless finesse which has won him deserved distinction. Douglas Fairbanks, jr., adds to the impression created in *The Dawn Patrol* of being an artist in his own right. It may be recalled that his vigorous father, when acting on the speaking stage, had a peculiarly nasal and unpleasant voice which he managed to use with comic effect. Not so the son, whose voice is well modulated and thoroughly expressive of restrained but taut emotions. Helen Chandler, who first took New York's breath in a memorable performance of the child in Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, and then failed to improve on her abilities, now shows the good effects of screen direction and immediate and constant supervision. Beryl Mercer repeats her unforgettable performance of Mrs. Midget, Tom Prior's unknown mother, and Dudley Digges does his usual finished work as Thompson, the examiner. Alison Skipworth is at her best as the snobbish Mrs. Cliveden-Bank. The screen can be proud of the collective work of such artists—even though the moralizing of the play itself is as wobbly and uncertain as a broken rocking-chair. (At the Hollywood Theatre.)

Opera on the Screen

THE recent screen spectacle of Martinelli in the temple scene of *Aida* serves as a caution to those too enthusiastic about the popularizing of opera through this new medium. Opera as we know it is a very crude art, in which people with magnificent voices and no acting ability are carefully trained to render emotions with outlandish gestures. When translated directly and literally to the screen, it all becomes highly absurd. If love of operatic music is to be fostered by the screen, it must be through a complete reorganization of operatic standards and methods, through applied imagination and through the training of an entirely new group of singing actors. A close-up of Martinelli's struttings becomes a serious disillusionment.

BOOKS

Renaissance Contrasts

The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio, by Thomas Caldecott Chubb. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. \$4.00.

FOR good or ill, when he was two-thirds through his life John Boccaccio suffered a change of heart. He came to regret passionately the amorous tales which had beguiled his youth and manhood, and turned to piety and scholarship. He wrote and circulated a series of Latin works which eventually touched upon almost every subject under the sun. But time, and the worms which, perhaps of all perishable things most respect emotion, have made short work of the edifying tracts, and left the *Decameron* immortal.

To the splendor of the quattrocento and of that Italy this book bears witness. Even today for most people Italy must continue to be a tremendous experience—they may be better or worse, but they can never be quite the same again after dropping down from Modena or Domodossola beyond ledges where the vine and olive are mingled with brown villages, cream-like campanili and silver torrents into a world of pink houses, oleanders, orchestras and ices like an antepast of heaven's delight. As indirect earnest of his experience Mr. Chubb produces his book, a thorough and creditable study of Boccaccio, perhaps the best modern book on the man and his work in the language.

There are in Renaissance letters few subjects more baffling than Boccaccio. According to Villani he must have been an agreeable fellow. "The poet," he tells us, "was rather stout of figure, but tall. His face was round, but his nose had a slight depression over the nostrils. His chin was cleft, and when he smiled he was extremely handsome. He was jocund and merry of aspect, and in his speech pleasant and human. And he delighted very much in conversation, thus making many friends." To understand him and the problems raised by his work is to understand Machiavelli, to understand the great Popes of the Renaissance who, as Jacques Maritain says, trusted too much to beauty and too little to grace, to understand Cesare Borgia and, in a sense, even the Renaissance saints.

No account of any Renaissance writer could begin better than does this, by recalling the advent in Italy of Henry VII, hailed in such Isaian rhetoric by Dante, and a few months later enshrined in faultless alabaster at Pisa. Beyond the probability of Boccaccio's French birth and maternal parentage one does not seem able to go. The Neapolitan interludes that led to the *Fiammetta* and the *Filostrato* are adequately sketched, and the debt recorded that Italian poetry and painting owe to the *Ninfale*. But the best phases of Mr. Chubb's work are his treatment of the *Decameron*, and the friendship between Boccaccio and Petrarch.

In spite of Boccaccio's dismay that his light tales should be taken seriously, there is much evidence to show that he really considered the *Decameron* his great achievement. English readers are shocked at his looseness, yet he could not have been the *sporcaccione* he has been made out to be, or Petrarch would hardly have hailed him as the half of his own soul. Since the seventeenth century it has been difficult to get a fair hearing for Boccaccio among English-speaking peoples. Outside of a few artists and scholars, most people who read the *Decameron* nowadays do so in the hope of finding "smut."

To understand the tales, one must remember that the sins of the flesh were no discovery of the Renaissance, as Alain de Lisle, the Goliardic poets and Dante show. What we see

there is a fourteenth-century development and continuation of a vast body of literature which grew up in the later middle ages, in a literary tradition of at least three or four century's standing. The people in the books of Marie de France, Chrétien de Troyes, Jean de Meung and many others, are interested in love as an engrossing game. They thought and wrote so much about it that it forms the great body of mediaeval literature; they elaborated philosophies of it; they compiled case-books in which it was annotated and described with a variety and detail that would give gooseflesh to a modern morals board.

Perhaps the Church should have condemned Marie de France and Geoffrey Chaucer and the host of persons who wrote, copied, sold and possessed collections of the fabliaux, but as a matter of fact she did not. Even as Mr. Chubb points out, when in the sixteenth century the Church came to "polish up her tarnished façades," the chief hostility was directed against the treatment of the clergy, and whereas "an unexpurgated edition of the Decameron was brought out under church approval, it was such stories (in which the clergy were reviled) rather than the book's general outspokenness that was disapproved of. For nuns and abbots are substituted lords and ladies. But even the broadest of the stories were otherwise unchanged." This would seem to hint that "pious" literature, whose function is to minister to the Key-to-Heaven type of mind is the invention of a later age.

As for Boccaccio himself he was anticlerical neither in his books nor in his life. He went weeping from Monte Cassino at the insolence and tragedy of the monks who left their library "without a door and with a leaking roof, filled with dust and with most of the manuscripts cut in pieces" to make psalters for children, yet at his death he willed his own books to Fra Martino da Segna, an Augustinian of Santo Spirito. Further, his extraordinarily important mission as Florentine ambassador to Pope Clement VI in 1354, shortly after the completion of the Decameron, and that Pope's public commendation of him, is a clear-cut commentary on his reputation.

The Renaissance was after all one of the great ages of human intensity in the world's history, yet it is now hardly thirty years since investigators began to approach the age in serious fashion by specialized studies. One likes to look upon a book like Mr. Chubb's as a prologue to rich achievement in Renaissance studies.

SPEER STRAHAN.

Lapses of Identity

New Found Land, by Archibald MacLeish. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00.

THE fourteen poems Mr. MacLeish has assembled are difficult of assimilation to the mass of contemporary American verse. To the body of essential poetry, however, they are not alien, no matter what the tongue, for they are exercises toward the utterance of a singleness of consciousness, articulate and whole. In this, like Mr. MacLeish's preceding poems, they bear evidence of an increasing strength and an increasing isolation. Considered as detached composition, their excellence increases one's regard for contemporary poetry, and contemporary American poetry in particular: in juxtaposition with Mr. MacLeish's other writings, they seem details in miniature for a structure more or less patiently implicit in whatever Mr. MacLeish has written. In the mass of this writing, as well as in relation to the thirteen other poems in *New Found Land*, such pieces as . . . & Forty-second Street are to be considered

as divergences from the general, if uneasily maintained, direction of Mr. MacLeish's progress—as, indeed, a sort of ballyhoo for sounder stuff.

In short, Mr. MacLeish is a poet, and he inhabits something of the bleak province of poetry, of which the geography is more certain than personal theory and impersonal criticism today lead one to believe. But of this province, Mr. MacLeish is still, though decreasingly, an irresolute inhabitant. He is less likely, however, to dissipate the solidity of his position as an individual confronting the universe, than the majority of contemporary poets are of achieving similar footing. It is this place in a geography of space, perception of which Mr. MacLeish is trying laboriously to coördinate, which relates what he has written to that body of essential poetry to which reference is made above. Mr. MacLeish has accepted the state of innocence regarding himself and his universe required of the true poet, for only through this innocence is poetry achieved, from Homer to Shelly and back again. Though he employs only the enduring images as accessible to Homer as to him who reads today, and has completely eschewed the properties of Romanticism, this does not mean that the properties of contemporary science are idle tools in his hand. Indeed, for this very reliance on the aspects of an innocent world, Mr. MacLeish is able more capably than more widely heralded eccentrics to discover them to us.

Mr. MacLeish's weakness is his lack of daring. Having discovered an innocent world, it were folly to retreat from it with only fragments of its geography to relate. It is difficult to name another American poet—or, for that matter, any poet writing in English today—who can so readily convince one that he is on the point of articulating a unified world. It is toward this articulation the present collection of poems advances; uncertainly, it is true, but still advances.

RAYMOND ELLSWORTH LARSSON.

The Dickinson Mystery Again

The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson, by Genevieve Taggard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. \$4.00.

MORE ambitious by far than any previous book dealing with the reticent Emily, Miss Taggard's has the advantage of whole-souled devotion. It is remarkably well written. Though at times the prose loses its deft ability to evoke outline and turns, unconsciously perhaps, semi-polyphonic (as in the phrase, "before the face of Mr. Bowles another face flickered, faded a little, and then merged"), one might say that it outshines, for distinction and absence of preciosity, all other American biographical writing excepting Henry James's. But neither the book nor the diction are objective. Miss Taggard has theories and moods of which she is duly fond; and it is up to the reader to say with what he will agree and disagree.

Once again is it the love-affair, carefully tucked behind a score of veils, which forms the chief biographical interest. Josephine Pollitt thought the man in the case was Major Edward Hunt; and while the evidence upon which her contention rested was noticeably slight, the man did fit the circumstances. Miss Taggard has dug up not a little material—valentines, Amherst college magazines, unpublished reminiscences—which are held to show that the apple of Emily's eye and the source of all her woe was George Gould, who later became a Congregational clergyman. The proof rests very largely on a statement by someone whose name must be withheld, who in turn got the information from three somebodies. It is assumed that marriage was rendered impossible by

NEXT WEEK

In these days of general unsettlement theories of right social action abound, though many of them are neither critical nor suggestive. Asked by the editor of *The Commonwealth* to outline his doctrine, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has replied with the first of two papers outlining the point of view of *THE DISTRIBUTIVIST*. Doubtless these papers, contributed by one of England's outstanding writers, will evoke a good deal of discussion. . . . Ecclesiastical topics abound but none is more fascinating than the contrasts between the western Church and the eastern Orthodox Churches with their varying rituals and customs. *CATHOLIC AND ORTHODOX MENTALITY* is the best paper on the subject we have seen. It has been translated by Donald Attwater from the original of the Most Reverend Andrew Szeptycky, Catholic Ruthenian Archbishop of Lwvow. . . . *MY PROGRAM OF FARM RELIEF*, an interesting article on a timely topic, by Bishop-elect Edwin V. O'Hara, has been held over from last week. . . . *SHOPGIRLS: LATEST MODEL*, appearing under the rubric of Places and Persons, is a summary of what Mr. Paul Brown has been able to find out regarding a recent tendency in department-store merchandising. . . . John Appleton has written about his impressions of Saint Francis's brethren. It is a suggestive little essay, entitled *SAINT FRANCIS AND OTHERS*. . . . Literary and collegiate reminiscence are combined in Horace Windham's *SOME OLD OXFORD MAGAZINES*. . . . And there is other fare to your liking.

Emily's father, who viewed the prospective impecunious son-in-law with too unsympathetic eyes. This theory is altogether harmless and ingenious, but for some reason it fails to ring true. If Emily really went into seclusion because she could not wed this man, another demonstration has been given the world of love's blindness and woman's undependability.

Beyond this the book takes for one of its more important assignments correlating the poetry and the life. Here Miss Taggard is necessarily on the boggiest of grounds. On the whole one feels that here is the best comment yet written on the Dickinsonian art. Enthusiastic, of course, and possibly a little too inclined to exalt these beloved lyrics above all others, it nevertheless bristles with illustrious intuitions. The remarks on Emily's understanding of sound and "words" are shrewd and right, though the catalogue of her legal terminology seems quite unnecessarily inclusive. But after all the thing which really matters is the quality and temper of Miss Dickinson's mysticism—matters of the most elusive kind, perhaps, yet of grave importance. One may regret the prevalent habit of inserting here modern conceptions, as Miss Taggard seems to, which would most certainly have seemed to the New England poet both learned and heterodox. Still one feels that the present commentary, so vast an improvement over the kind of nonsense written years ago by Aldrich and others, would not have been displeasing to an Amherst upper room. It is a loving book which generally avoids being sentimental, and a well-informed book which may be—who knows?—surprisingly accurate.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Wild West

Conquering Our Great American Plains, by Stuart Henry. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. \$5.00.

The Last Frontier, by Zack T. Sutley. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

DURING that great migration which began with the California gold rush, the American prairies were considered unproductive, dangerous and unsuitable for habitation. Even when the Pacific coast was settling into an agricultural calm that vast territory drained by the Missouri and the Arkansas remained the peculiar possession of the Indian and the buffalo. It was not until after the Civil War that the white man commenced its development. This phase of American history, although not entirely neglected, still provides impressive new material for the historian. Both Mr. Henry and Mr. Sutley, natives of the land they describe from the days of its first settlement, add the value of their personal experiences and recollections to the record.

Conquering Our Great American Plains is mainly concerned with that section of Kansas which centers around Abilene. The town came into prominence during the early seventies as the northern terminus of the Abilene and Chisholm cattle trails. In Texas cattle-raising had become the principal occupation of the settlers, but until adequate transportation to the packing centres could be found, the Texas steer had little value. When the Kansas Pacific railroad pushed its line into Abilene, the ranchers found an outlet, and great armies of steers were started on their march to the northern shipping point. But it was really the introduction of wheat, and particularly winter wheat, into Kansas which emancipated the prairies. The state turned from being the mere outlet of one industry to fostering another.

Much of the fascination of such history is lost in Mr. Henry's tedious style and sectional viewpoint. He devotes considerable space to the relatively unimportant controversy

concerning the actual line of the old Chisholm trail and too frequently concerns himself with irrelevant subject-matter. His book, although valuable as a source, fails of the true objective of history.

The same may be said of Mr. Sutley's *The Last Frontier*—but for a different reason. He is more interested in a narration of his personal experiences in the Dakotas than in giving an adequate report of their emergence into the states of today. However, his is an interesting account of the period immediately preceding and following the last great battle against the Indians in America. He does not give the government much moral credit in the final subjugation of the Sioux, who saw the terms of their treaty flagrantly violated by the miners rushing into the Black Hills at first word of the discovery of gold. It was a situation which Washington could not altogether have controlled although had men who lived in the territory and knew the Indians, been entrusted with the settlement of affairs, much slaughter and injustice might have been avoided. Eventually their counsel was heeded, adjustments were made and the last frontier conquered.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Good Resolutions

Confessions of Zeno, by Italo Svevo; translated by Beryl De Zoete. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. \$3.00.

ITALO SVEVO was a successful business man of Trieste. He published his first novel in 1892 and in 1912 became acquainted with James Joyce who took a great interest in his work and encouraged him to continue. But it was only at the time of his death in 1928 that he was beginning to enjoy anything like fame.

Zeno, an abnormal creature, realizes that he is different from other people, but always has what seems to him a reasonable explanation of his absurdities. He goes to a doctor to be psychoanalyzed and the doctor advises him to write his autobiography so that he may have a better insight into his character. The *Confessions of Zeno* are supposed to be the result of this advice, and Zeno recalls his life in terms of his relationship to the people who figured most largely in it. In so doing he reveals his own, wholly unconscious, hypocrisy toward them. He thinks he adores his father, but really doesn't until the old man is dead, for the simple reason that he knows his father understands him and realizes the weakness of his son's will.

He becomes acquainted with Signor Malfenti and determines to marry one of his daughters who were reported to be beauties. When he meets them he decides that Ada is the one, being the most beautiful, and he finds Augusta extremely unattractive. Yet when Ada refuses him, he proposes to Alberta, who will not take him seriously, and finally to Augusta who accepts him. After his marriage he discovers to his surprise that he is in love with his wife, but that doesn't keep him from being unfaithful to her. Nor is he more sincere with his mistress than with his wife. She is loath to accept him while she feels that he loves his wife, so he immediately assures her that he does not, meanwhile forming a resolution to let Carla know by degrees that he really does.

In fact Zeno thrives on good resolutions. To make something enjoyable to the nth degree he must resolve not to do it again without having the least intention of making this pleasant resolution binding. When he is forced to keep a resolution he becomes ill. His imaginary illnesses add another link to his many diosyncracies. Yet he believes himself to be sincere and thinks he is striving to become better than he is.

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The irony of Svevo's method is very effective. Zeno reveals his inmost thoughts without the least hesitation, and his own analysis of himself is so defective that we can only smile at his mastery of the art of self-deception. The book, though unduly long and crowded with uninteresting details, has humor, originality and a touch of genius. Unfortunately Zeno is not exciting enough to rouse our sympathy or our antagonism.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

A King's Abbey

The History of King Eadmund the Martyr and of the Early Years of His Abbey; edited by Lord Francis Hervey. New York: The Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

IN THIS beautiful little volume with a frontispiece of the conjectural restoration of the minster and elaborate build-ings of the abbey, Lord Hervey has printed in Anglo-Saxon and in translation a fragment of MS. 197 in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, which depicts the economic life of Bury St. Edmunds in the early eleventh century. There is the sug-gestion that systematic excavations might be undertaken at St. Edmund's as well as at Glastonbury, Rievaulx, Byland and elsewhere. A sympathetic sketch of King Eadmund of East Anglia outlines what is known of the Saxon chieftain (841-870) who was crowned by Bishop Humbert and who suffered mar-tyrdom as a prisoner of pagan Danish conquerors. With the suppression of the Danes by Aelfred at Chippenham, the Saxons could honor their fallen king, and Aelfred caused coins to be struck with Eadmund styled saint. And soon the Chris-tian folk of East Anglia erected a worthy sepulchre at old Bury St. Edmunds in western Suffolk.

A legend soon grew for the saint was held as a living force in protecting the English kingdoms. King Swegen's death was attributed to his spear; mariners in distress sought his succor; and in the days of Richard Coeur de Lion's captivity or in the first Edward's sore financial straits, no authority dared strip Bury of its growing treasure. Not until 1539 was it polluted by a royal hand. Around the priestly protectors of the tomb, there was incorporated a college in Aethelstan's reign. His successor, Eadmund, granted by charter a large domain com-prising the modern borough, and the king's renowned minister, Bishop Dunstan, was an ardent patron. And in 1020 Cnut gave a charter and established monks from Hulme and Ely at Bury as the secular priests were sent forth. From here the author-editor tells the story of the abbey chronologically according to abbots, up to 1097, when it had already become one of the greatest English foundations.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Reform Schools

Youth in Hell, by Albert Bein. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Incorporated. \$2.50.

"SINCE Dickens," says the publishers' jacket, "the reform school has been a dark mystery." Had the blurb gone on to say in the expected fashion that since Dickens it has never been so effectively exposed as in Mr. Bein's autobiographic novel, it would have been closer to the truth than are most blurbs. The social novels of Dickens, we are told, did much good. To believe the contemporary literary historian, they put such monsters as Squeers and Bumble out of the running. But judging by such human documents as *Youth in Hell*, the filthy business of exploiting, abusing and perverting hapless and erring childhood, still exists, particularly in our states.

One would like to believe that the state institution in the Southwest, portrayed by Mr. Bein, is an isolated instance. One would like to think that his book—so obviously honest, whole-somely angry and photographically real—would result in a reform of the reform school. There are in it certain episodes and characters—the whipping of the runaways, the dormitory scenes, the radiant figures of the two Tanner brothers—which bear the stamp of absolute truth, and stick painfully to the memory. But one remains sceptical on either count. In the first place people believe what they like to believe, and in our literature the merely pleasant is still at a premium. It must be obvious that the land is full of such places, and that the majority of people are fairly indifferent to the inhumanity of man to man, or man to child. An active sense of social pity does not seem to be an American characteristic. Such amelioration as exists is left to the state—a fine, vicious circle, the usual results of which can be profitably studied in Mr. Bein's story.

We hope that the latter will be widely read. Crudely written in places and bearing a bad title, it is, none the less, highly moving and important.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Efficient Evangelism

D. L. Moody, by W. R. Moody. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

THIS book relies solely on the character of its principal actor for interest, not on a colorful style or on the personality of the author. These characteristics detract from its acceptability as light reading, but add greatly to its value as a document which throws light on American religious feeling during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and particularly on the methods of a great American evangelist.

That the author is the subject's son might appear to lessen the value of the biography. This is not the case, for he is both self-effacing and unsentimental in the treatment of his material. The main facts are simply outlined, and the author allows letters, newspaper comment and the remarks of contemporaries who came into contact with Moody to form the backbone of the book. Adverse comment is presented as well as favorable. The author must inevitably be prejudiced when dealing with Moody as a person, but the writing of the book and the presentation of the material have been accomplished with the most praiseworthy dignity and justice.

"A man of consecrated common sense," Moody brought a business technique to bear in evangelism, and his methods of raising money for the cause were like those of an excellent salesman. As a speaker and as an evangelist, his power and influence were remarkable, and though his methods may seem crude, he was capable of handling situations requiring great tact and delicacy. He was not a great rhetorician; he was not learned; he was not elegant. His power appears to have lain in his evident sincerity, his vitality, his great capacity for work and his simplicity, coupled with an epigrammatic quality frequently found in the speech of simple men, which makes many of their sayings memorable without being very profound.

The movement which Moody built up in his evangelical work and his schools at Northfield, has left its mark on American religious thought, especially in preparatory schools and colleges. This biography forms a well-documented basis for a searching study of the whole evangelical movement, and should prove indispensable to any historian of religious and social influences of the last century.

E. L. PARKER.

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Briefer Mention

Poetry at Present, by Charles Williams. New York: The Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

CRITICISM of poetry is one of the most especial of literary offices. Those who have done it with grace and distinction are rare as the poor of spirit; and so few would, one may presume, undertake to follow Mr. Williams with any great measure of confidence. But the book is really worth reading and, more than that, deserving of imitation. Here there is no Schwärmere, to speak of. Instead we sit down to find out what the poets are actually trying to say and, mindful of the circumstance that there have been other bards, calmly arrive at an opinion. So much quiet, sympathetic sense is a little disturbing after so much recent ecstasy but one gets used to it. Mr. Williams frankly says that he doesn't know what T. S. Eliot is driving at—a form of ignorance he shares with many who would rather die than admit it. He says: "Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Housman hold up between them all the philosophies; man conquers or he endures." A volume could not summarize more admirably. The arc of progress in the work of Mr. Yeats is clearly discerned, and the early poems of Mr. Bridges have never been more judiciously estimated. And there are equally good things written by the author about Messrs. Kipling, Hardy, De la Mare and Masfield. Possibly the book is a little too reasonable, but we cannot appropriately complain in these days of an excess of this virtue which is unfortunately all too rare.

Memoirs of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough; edited by William King. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. \$5.00.

HERE is certainly a volume to add to one's collections of older English memoirs. The Duchess lived through blistery times when intrigue was the chief source of social bread and butter; and though she occasionally went hungry, she possessed a dignity and a temper worthy of comparison with the stoutest. Few tales are better worth telling than that of how the Duchess cut off her hair to get even with her famous husband—only to learn that behind the adamant silence with which he received the news there was hidden a deep and tender heart. Mr. King is a competent editor who seems to have enjoyed the opportunity to revive a good book.

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